

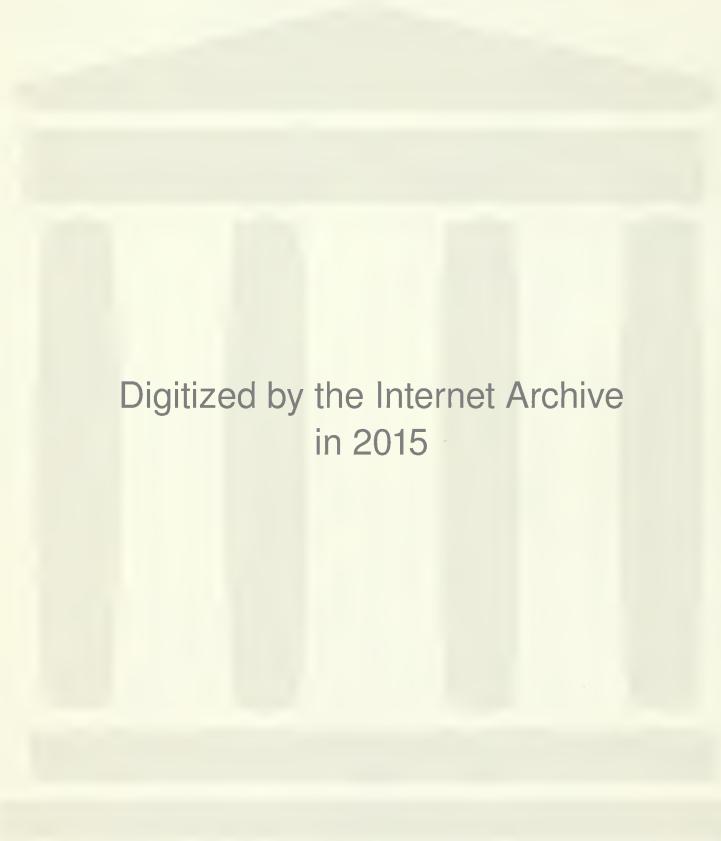
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PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

In presenting the second and concluding part of "Personal Reminiscences of Men and Things on Long Island," by Mr. Daniel M. Tredwell, the first part of which was published in the fall of 1912, an index has been added to the work covering both parts. The numbers of pages have been continued so that the work may be bound in a single volume. The number of the copy appears only in the first part.



TREDWELL HOMESTEAD
FREEPORT, L.I.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

OF

MEN AND THINGS

ON LONG ISLAND

PART TWO

26.2

BY DANIEL M. TREDWELL

Author of "A Sketch of the Life of Apollonius of Tyana," "Monograph on Privately Illustrated Books, a Plea for Bibliomania," Etc., Etc.



CHARLES ANDREW DITMAS

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1917

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By Daniel M. Tredwell
Brooklyn, N. Y.

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CHAPTER XIII

RACE FASHION AND PEYTONA.—EVOLUTION.—VESTIGES OF CREATION.—COMMENTS.
—WASHINGTON RACE COURSE.

Saturday, May 3, 1845.



ENT to the Union Course today to witness the great contest between William Gibbon's "Fashion" (entered by Samuel Laird), eight years old, and carrying 122 pounds, and R. Ten Broeck's "Peytona," six years old, and carrying 115 pounds, so stated in the printed programme.

This, like a former race of "Fashion" against "Boston," in which the former was the winner in 1842, claimed to be a contest of Northern and Southern methods of training, and consequently interested horse breeders all over the country.

The present match was for \$20,000, \$10,000 a side, four mile heats. The interest among the sporting men on this occasion was very great and called together a vast throng of people interested in horse flesh from all parts of the Union. The *New York Herald* published an extra on the ground between the heats.

The "Peytona" was the winner in consecutive heats in 7 minutes, 30½ seconds, and 7 minutes and 45½ seconds.

As soon as the decision was announced the rush for home was terrific, every available means for conveyance was brought into requisition to get the vast multitude of spectators from the ground. The railroad company exhausted its capacity and left thousands on the ground to wait for a return train.

Tuesday, March 18, 1845.

In referring back to the entry in the journal of Sunday, March 17, 1844, we copy: "The morning ushered in cold, drizzly and foggy. Nothing can be more uncomfortable without or cheerless within."

There never were two days more nearly duplicate than March 17, 1844, and yesterday up to about three o'clock P. M. when it cleared up.

All honor to the good old patron Saint of Erin who flourished 1473 years ago. He introduced the Bible in and drove the snakes out of Ireland. He wrote his autobiography in which he apologizes for not giving an account of his death and burial. "An iron-clad Irishman."

The Hibernian Societies of Jamaica and Hempstead jointly celebrated the day at Hempstead. It was a characteristic celebration, a parade, speeches, whiskey, fight, jail full.

Prelude.

April 26, 1846.

The population of Long Island is not confined to its uplands, necks and forests. The great Hempstead Bay swarms with a population full of the greatest interest to the lover of nature. A history of the vertebrates of this section would make an entertaining initial chapter to the fauna of Long Island. To the writer even the invertebrates, the molluscs of these waters have been a subject of curious and intensely interesting inquiry. In the ardor of youth and in the absence of textbooks, those subjects which came most readily at the hands of the unapt aspirant received his earliest enthusiasm.

The common mud snail of the flats and marshes, the mussel, the surf-clam, the hard-clam, the soft-clam, the scallop, the periwinkle, the oyster, the razor in all their thousand forms, varieties, names and sizes from the sixteenth of an inch to a foot and a half, were all invested with deep interest to the boy lover of nature, and were in our unledged, unequipped state the real "Medals of Creation."

The structure of the shells of these molluscs, univalve, bivalve and spiral, excited our curiosity, and mentally, impassively, we had ratified and confirmed over and over again that from bottom to top, from the smallest and simplest to the largest and most complex of these forms they presented a general structural resemblance and growth, difficult to comprehend on any theory save that of unexpressed *evolution*, a word, as yet without scientific significance, a definition of which had been reserved for the modern scientist. We collected hundreds of these shells and improvised a rude cabinet in the garret of the old homestead.

At the period when we were struggling with these anomalous questions of structure there was no nomenclature, or authoritative verbal expression wherewith to clothe our ideas. There was nothing improbable in the theory that all these forms of shells were variable from one parent form, in fact,

it was quite probable that they were, as we had innocently discovered representatives of countless ages of slow development or divergences, but there was no scientific formula for the expression of such conditions and such development, without which our discovery was inexpressive and valueless. We had also toyed with conchological collections public and private, studying the higher forms of the molluscan orders, as the cockle, pearl-oyster, all the forms of the peerless murex, the voluta, the conus, the triton, the strombus, the fusus, the haliotus to the fragile and pearly nautilus, and in this infinite variety and thousands of forms of the ugly and beautiful found in all the same irrefutable evidence of succession, a oneness of structure, an inbreeding (so to speak), pervading all, as if originating in some initial type, the present divergence being brought about by a change of conditions and environment through countless generations.

With these results before us, felt and experienced, with no terms for giving life and visible expression to them, for evolution was yet a meaningless term, a chrysalis, as applied to the new perception. We had never dreamed of evolution as it is applied to-day, but we had in the meantime with thousands of others been discovering it, and were only awaiting an opportunity to give utterance to our unchristened offspring. The world was at full stop awaiting a scientific incarnation.

All the adult molluscs of the South Bay above named, are awkward and sluggish in their movements, much difference, however, exists in this behalf, some being more sluggish than others, but in their early existence there is no distinction, they all swim about with the utmost freedom. The snail and the oyster begin to diverge into tribe forms after they have sown their wild oats and selected their permanent abode. Their beginnings are analogous.

And furthermore not alone in these lower orders of molluscs, but we are reassured of the correctness of our hypothesis, on moving upward in the scale to the order crustacean, of our South Bay a like similarity of structure prevails, the

scientist called it "*succession*." No rational man ever supposed that the edible crab and the fiddler were independent creations, and yet how similar.

In taking our next remove upward to vertebrates the same exists there with much stronger evidence of unity of origin and not only so, but proof more conclusive appears to be at hand of the relation of vertebrate to vertebrate and also vertebrate with lower orders. Scientists called it "*causation*." No greater contrast could possibly be produced than that between a turtle and a dog, and yet an analysis shows that about the only real difference is that one has his back bone on the outside and the other inside.

There was a vast amount of thought on this unformulated subject among the great men of the age, and a crisis had been reached when a declaration must be made. Evolution was already a fixed fact in the minds of thousands of thinking men and women. All it required to give it vitality was the sanction of science. That sanction came, and it came with great force.*

The entry in the diary which provoked the above comments was written many years ago. The scientific world was then upon the eve of a great revolution not realized by the writer at that time, who was amusing himself with the raw materials of natural history, with a very limited preparation and limited material at hand, and still more limited knowledge in handling it, and who had but a feeble notion of the magni-

* Enough, I trust, has now been said to show that the animal kingdom (and by analogy the vegetable also) as composed of a series of forms, in which affinities are ascertained in so many places, that they may be assumed in all, and that these usually taking their origin in the radiate sub-kingdom, afterwards pass through higher grades, but not in every case through all until the highest is reached. It appears that the grand matrix of organic being is the sea, that what may be called trunk lines pass through this medium as high as the mammalia type and that the terrestrial families may all be regarded as branches of these main lines though in some instances a passage from one class form to another has taken place on land. Two principles are thus seen at work in the production of the organic tenants of the earth—first a gestative development pressing on through the grades of organization, and bringing out particular organs necessary for new fields of existence and secondly a narrative power resting on external conditions and working to minor effects though these sometimes may hardly be distinguished from the other.
Vestiges, Lon. 1846, p. 280.

tude and completeness of that revolution at the time, but it came and when fairly in motion all the opposing forces of earth could not stay its progress, *succession, causation*, gave place to *evolution*.

This great revolution was set in motion by an anonymous little book entitled "The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation."

Turning now to our journal of June 4, 1845, we find the following entry, or review of this little opportune book which broke up the dead lock in our amateur natural history pursuits at the Great South Bay.

This review, or essay, following, was written clandestinely while at school more than fifty years ago—now 1890.

Wednesday, June 4, 1845.

The little book the genesis of which we have here attempted to chronicle, was when first published put in our library of the school; afterward by order of the trustees, it was removed.

A petition by the students for its restitution was disregarded, which created a general unquiet among the young men of the school.

The trustees were not afraid of the book having any effect upon revealed religion, for they believed it stood upon too solid a foundation to be shaken by any human agency. But they really had no conception of the real learning and true inwardness of the book, they feared its logic. That kind of reasoning of the trustees, however, failed to pacify the young men for what they conceived to be an insult to their judgment, maintaining that they were quite as well equipped for the consideration of such matters as the trustees and begged to be left to their own conclusions in question of faith. The highest truth is proof against all the assaults that can be formulated against it. Otherwise, it is not the highest truth. Don't try to smother error. Expose it to the light and it will burn out.

The little book which proved such a revelation came into the world unheralded. It was without partisans or backers, political, religious or scientific. It was a civil little book. That is, said things in a civil way, but was dreadfully in earnest. It simply drifted out upon the literary ocean with no effort to create, and an apparent indifference as to public opinion or patronage, no precaution was taken to secure its perpetuity; it bore no physical evidence of patrician parentage; it was printed on common paper with common type and still more commonly bound; it was to all appearances a literary euphemeron. It had no great name behind it, for its authorship was not even surmised. It had nothing beside its own merits to recommend it to the thinking world.

Its author, evidently a person of great culture, a scientist and an advance thinker, seemed to say to his little work as he submitted it to the world: "In your creation I feel that I have discharged an obligation to my species—go you—your career is a contingent one, if the world is ready for your incarnation it will hail with gladness your advent. If not, you perish."

Above all other classes the student welcomed this work with enthusiasm. He was ready for it; his student life was up to it, and had it not been for this book with its formulated facts he could not have advanced further without making personally the investigation which it furnished, in which even we would have had half a dozen treatises on this subject instead of one.

The junior scientists unanimously accepted the doctrine of "causation," "succession," the evolution of the *Vestiges* at once.

Immediately on its appearance (1844), this little book drew fire from high altitudes, three of the most potent literary and scientific journals in the world, *The Edinburgh*, *North British* and *British Quarterly Reviews* opened fire upon it, and it was no sham fight; it was a struggle for life, or extermination. They occupied every vantage ground and extended to their little enemy no courtesy and no quarter, but so skillfully had the subject been handled by the author of the "*Vestiges*" that the dogmatic method of attack by the *Reviews* came back to them. The recoil at first of their ill-timed methods upon themselves was tremendous. Their own dogmatic methods, heretofore had been supposed invulnerable, nearly annihilated them. They had miscalculated the learning and temper of their new audiences and their logic broke in two, they lost their heads. The *North British Review* charged the author of the "*Vestiges*" with an effort to expel the Almighty from the universe which he had made. *Bentley's Magazine* declared the little book to have been written in order to determine how many fools there were in the country by numbering its proselytes. It was attacked with scoffs, jeers and anathemas from hundreds of thousands of assailants, not only in England, but abroad and was most unsparingly belabored and consumed by the press and the pulpit. The privilege of reading it was denied students in colleges and schools, which interdiction, of course, assured it being read by all.

It unveiled the theory of evolution under the name of causation so amplified by Darwin and others since.

The following appeared on the margin of the Journal written some years subsequent to the foregoing:

Notwithstanding the promise of a short life the little book has lived on; edition after edition was hurried through the press with a continually increasing popularity and demand. It was reproduced in most of the European languages with a supplement and reached in three and a half years thirty-four editions.

No book ever published more completely revolutionized human thought than did "The Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation," (by Sir William Chambers).

It is now over fifty years since the appearance of this little book and during that short period the thoughtful world has become familiar with its tenets of causation (evolution) for the first time enunciated in its pages. And yet its doctrines were not entirely new to scientific men and students. The seed which had ripened into this little book had been sown by Lamarck, Saint Hillair, Buffow and Von Baer and the work had been foreshadowed by them. In the meantime the theory of evolution was incubating in the mind of Darwin and on the announcement of the "Origin of Species" Lyell at once embraced the new doctrine. Great scientists, advance thinkers, pioneers in thought have long since left the tenets of the *Vestiges* in the background. The Reviews which at first were the most unsparing in their abuse of evolution are now its strongest advocates. Such a transformation was never before known in the history of human thought. Instead of now endeavoring to sustain old dogmas entailed by ignorance upon the world, they enjoy a delightful freedom. Their only object now is truth, and their only duty inquiry. They will listen to any argument and permit any book to be read and smile at the follies and superstitions which held them spellbound. Had this been the only effect of the little book it would have been a sufficient warrant for its appearance, but its influence extended everywhere. It did its work and did it well.

More than three thousand times the bulk of the *Vestiges* in literature was produced in the battle against it. All this was potent in preparing the way for Darwin. And his "Origin of Species" appeared a few years later. The revolution thus began and which has since taken place in many of the most important departments of natural science and philosophy touching upon the welfare of the human species in the past fifty years through the giants of thought, Tyndal, Huxley, Darwin,

Spencer, Wallace and others is the greatest the world has ever witnessed.

The author of the *Vestiges* in concluding his work says: "Thus ends a book composed in solitude and almost without "the cognizance of a single fellow being, as solely as possible "for the purpose of improving the knowledge of mankind and "through that medium their happiness. For reasons best to be "appreciated by myself, my name is retained in its original "obscurity and in all probability will never be generally "known."

"I do not expect that any word of praise which this work "may elicit shall ever be responded to by me, or that, any word "of censure shall ever be parried or deprecated. *Sine me.* I "may say so far more truly than did the born exile of the Eux- "ine—it goes forth to take its chance of instant oblivion, or of "a long and active course of usefulness in the world. Neither "contingency can be of any importance to me, beyond the re- "gret, or the satisfaction which may be imparted to my sense "of a last, or realized benefit to my fellow creatures. The "book so far as I am aware is the first attempt to connect the "natural sciences into a history of creation and thence to elim- "inate a view of nature as one great system of 'Causation.' "

"Yet, I have thought that the time was come for attempt- "ing to weave a great generalization out of the truth already "established, or likely soon to be."

And thus from the dim realms of the unknown has been redeemed to the light of the known and formulated scientific truths which completely wipes out old theories and inauguates an era of reason, of freer thought and expression.

After reading the preface to this work (*Reminiscences*), the reader will scarcely expect us to apologize for the accident of the foregoing chapter for which we are entirely irresponsible. It was our unskilled persistent familiarity with the Great South Bay and its abnormal population, and not our attainments, or participation in any sense in those elements of advance which found us unwittingly abreast of the greatest

revolution known in the history of human thought. Among its products were the works, Evolution—Origin of Species—Survival of the Fittest—Descent of Man—etc., and we were thus fortuitously in a state to be carried along on the early flood tide of this great progression with the use of tools prepared by others.

Postlude.

The shells which we had collected in the Great South Bay for amateur work in natural history and were entirely responsible for the foregoing pages were restored to us in 1884, having remained stored away in the garret of the old home-stead for forty years.

Sunday, July 13, 1845.

Samuel L. Seaman, our neighbor (farmer), made the passage yesterday from Boston to New York on the occasion of opening the new line over the Long Island Railroad, in nine hours and forty-five minutes. This was so phenomenal a success of the new route that the papers today are exulting in the great achievement. Under the circumstances, we believe, this route will become very popular. It cannot benefit Long Island, but, if a great success, will stimulate the Long Island Railroad to attainments which will materially benefit its local travel.

Thursday, September 11, 1845.

Spent two days on the marsh during the hay cutting season. The camp had been in operation about one week at the usual location on Swift Creek, Mud Hole Hassock.

The daily events at camp were a duplicate of those heretofore described in a previous entry of September 5, 1842. The cutting, freighting and transporting the products to the main land, the routine of daily life was about the same, but the weather at present is unusually cold for the season. Consequently we did not feel the same enthusiasm for the sport as on former occasions. The cold northwest winds prevailing chills the ardor for vacation work. Although we believe the men engaged in the labor far prefer it to the normal September conditions, it being better adapted for work than pleasure.

The attractions began to wane with us on the opening of the second day with its inclement northwester at the close of which we determined to retire. The haying season has thus far been a very successful one, the grass being unexceptionally good and the work accompanied with favorable weather for work, although cold. Many birds of passage were

already on the wing migrating, the bay was full of snipe, and the entire lark tribes seemed to have arrived, this is earlier than ever known before, so say the experts. Several flocks of wild geese were seen on their way to their winter home. They may regret their rashness for there will be plenty of hot weather in the succeeding thirty days.

Friday, March 13, 1846.

Day before yesterday (March 11th) a large whale drifted ashore on the south beach, between Whale Neck and Jones' Inlet. It was a large fish, over sixty feet long. This was an uncommon occurrence and created quite a sensation on the mainland and some little contention concerning the ownership. The discoverers claiming it as exclusively their property. Others contending that it was the property of the town under an old enactment. Whale fisheries which formerly had been carried on profitably in this section had been a matter of commercial importance to the people of the south side. A whale of the dimensions above named, would yield about thirty tons of blubber, which would produce 140 barrels of oil.

All stranded whales were subject to regulations made by the general court in 1644, and we believe these regulations applied to the entire sea coast of Long Island.

In 1659 Wyandanch, Sachem of Long Island (Paumanack), disposed of the rights of the Indians to any drift whales, reserving, however, the fins and tails to the Indians. A distinction was made between captured and stranded whales. Under an act of the General Assembly of Freeholders of April 2, 1671. It was forbidden any foreigner, or person other than a resident of the town any rights in whales coming upon the beach. Nor were individuals or companies permitted to use the Long Island Coast as a base for engaging in whale fisheries off the coast at the south side of Long Island.

On April 24, 1673, Francis Lovelace, Governor of New York, makes complaint that strangers have taken and clandestinely cut up whales that have been stranded on the south shore of Long Island to their own profit, thereby cheating his majesty out of his just share in the same.

William Osborne and John Smith were appointed a commission to put a stop to these incursions and to enforce the law.

We believe the same law prevailed here as in Massachusetts, that part of the revenue derived from stranded whales went to sustain the ministry. In which event we have no doubt the clergy patrolled the beach with great yearning after every southeast gale. This was assuredly tough on the minister, yet even this precarious income may have been looked upon with an assurance equal, or superior to that derived from the generosity of his country parishioners.

The number of whales taken in the waters of the South side of Long Island proper by its fishermen and otherwise was

considerable. In 1721, forty-one were reported to have been taken. But it was a very precarious business and subject to great fluctuations for the next two years only eighteen were taken.

A lookout and station for whalers was maintained at Whale Neck and another at Long Beach opposite the Hummocks near New Inlet at the above period.

The pursuit and capture of whales by the South side whalers did not differ from the method pursued by ships crews on the Arctic Ocean which have been too graphically described to be repeated here.

The whale fisheries began by organizing crews to fish with large rowboats. The first crew of the kind in this country was formed at Cape Cod and the next probably at Long Island. These hardy pioneers rowed boldly out upon the ocean for their prey. This was long before large vessels were equipped to follow the whale into the Arctic. The small boat fisheries were followed until whales became scarce.

Many were the thrilling and interesting stories related by these old veterans of the pursuit, hair-breadth escapes, of the defeats sustained and victories won in the plying of their craft as whalers on the Long Island shores. These heroes of brave acts have passed away, sank into obscure graves, their valorous deeds unsung for the want of a Homer to celebrate their exploits. Old Raynor Rock Smith, Ezekiel Raynor and Stephen Carman in their day had great stories of experiences as boat headers and harpooners.

When a whale was espied from the lookouts, word was at once communicated to the boat's crew. They were manned equipped for the chase immediately and put to sea.

As a recognition of the public importance of sustaining this industry of whaling in the early history of the town is evidenced by the following town enactment: "At a General Town Meeting of the Town of Hempstead on the 5th February, 1710, William Nicoll, Col. John Jackson and Justice John Tredwell were appointed as committee to set aside a

piece of the town woodland to be used by the whalemen of the town in cutting fire wood for their use in trying the oil from the blubber and other purposes."

The habits of the whale are but little known to naturalists. He is emphatically an Arctic mammal, a cetacean.

To account for him in our latitude it is supposed that he follows the cold water in the fall and feeds around the icebergs. He has been found in winter as far south as the Roanoke, but was never known to cross the gulf stream. In the Spring he turns his head toward his Arctic feeding grounds and through some unknown cause, now and then becomes stranded on our shores, probably his direct course North is interrupted unawares to him by the eastward trend of the Long Island shores barring his way, and becomes stranded for the same reason that ships do. Some drift whales, however, have been killed before coming on shore. Some are killed by the whale-killer whale, who is a great fighter, never over thirty feet long. He attacks the right whale, pulls him under water and drowns him. The whale-killer can remain under water much longer than the right whale.

The whale-killer yields no whalebone and only about eight or ten barrels of oil.

There is an old tradition of the Algonquins of Long Island that a great famine once prevailed on the island occasioned by prolonged drought. The water in the ponds and streams dried up; or became stagnant and the springs no longer flowed; the crops were burned up; all vegetation died, the trees withered, game deserted the forests and water was with difficulty obtained. In these great straits they (the Indians) held a pow-wow of the mighty medicine men whom the Indians believed could perform wonderful miracles, could walk through fire, and water could not drown them; they could drive away the evil spirits who now possessed the land.

The medicine men appealed to Manitou for relief and before they had finished their appeal intelligence was spread that a whale had been stranded on the south shore, in answer to

the intercession of the medicine men and relief was in sight. The pow-wow notwithstanding the great distress of the people ordered that the most savory part of the whale, the tail and fins be cut off and sacrificed to Manito. So, a great public feast was ordered and amid the wild cries of the people and the beating of drums and tom-toms they besought the great spirit to aid them. The great spirit was pleased with their offering and immediately the clouds gathered, the thunder rolled and the rain came down in torrents.

Another version of the legend is that Manito opened the ground at Mannet Hill (Middle Island, the fabled abode of Manito) and the water gushed up from the ground. That spring is flowing to-day.

Tuesday, October 6, 1846.

Attended sheep parting. This is one of the oldest Long Island institutions. The first enactment regulating sheep parting was passed at town meeting, April, 1745, appointing the first day of October, 1745, more than 100 years ago for the sheep parting, and it has been kept up annually since, hundreds of acts have been passed regulating it, and there are records of all of them.

The attractions of sheep parting have departed. Weather cold.

Thursday, October 8, 1846.

Visited the Huckelberry Frolic held at the Washington Race Course on the Hempstead Plains.

From the *Universal Gazeteer*, printed in Dublin in 1759, a copy of which was about our house, we copy the following unique description of Long Island: "Long Island is a large American island belonging to the Colony of New York. It is divided from the Continent of North America by a narrow channel. It is about 100 miles long and ten broad, and contains three counties, viz.: Queens, Suffolk and Kings. It is in latitude 40° north and between longitude 70 and 75° west. In the middle of this island is a fine level tract of land called Salisbury Plain, where horse races are held, to which the gentlemen of New England and the neighboring colonies resort, as those of old England do to the New Market. This island principally produces British and Indian corn, beef, pork, fish, etc., which they send to the sugar colonies, from where they receive in return sugar, rum, cotton and indigo. They also have a whale fishery on the south side, sending the oil and bone to England in exchange for cloths and furniture."

Salisbury Plain, or New Market, in modern times called Washington Race Course, of Huckelberry Frolic fame, is just northwest of the

village of Hempstead, near Washington Square, formerly Trimming Square (including territory of which St. Paul's College at Garden City occupies the northeasterly corner). It was here the British officers and nobility in pre-Revolutionary times used to race their blooded horses.

Horse racing on the Hempstead Plains dates from the period of Richard Nicols, Governor of the Province, 1665. He established a race course on Long Island which he named New Market, and ordered that a plate be run for every year. He found an ideal course at his hands on the great plains at Hempstead (more recently Salisbury Plains), with not a stick or stone to hinder the horses heels or endanger them in their racing.

This was the first race course in the province and was named New Market after the celebrated English track.

For more than a century, first annually, and afterwards a spring and fall meeting were had. The governor and his suite, and the high dignities and officials of the City of New York and the sturdy farmers of Hempstead assembled here to enjoy the sport. Among the farmers who patronized the turf just prior to the Revolution were the Sammises, the Jacksons, the Baldwins, the Tredwells, the Hewlets, the Willises and others.

On the first Friday in May, 1750, a great horse race was run at Hempstead Plains for a considerable wager, which engaged the attention of so many of the city nobility that upwards of seventy chairs and chaises were brought over the ferry from New York on the day before preparatory for an early start for the track. A great number of horses were brought over. It was thought that the number of horses on the race ground exceeded 1,000.

The Long Island Ferry at this period was from the Fly Market Slip, at the foot of the present Maiden Lane, to the landing at Brooklyn.

At this time Brooklyn was a hamlet on the main road which led to Jamaica and Hempstead, both places of greater importance than Brooklyn; the only business of the latter was connected with the ferry.

The New York plate was advertised to be run for on October 11, 1757. And in the next year an important race was run, open for any horse, mare or gelding bred in America that never won a plate before on this island, carrying eight stone saddle and bridle included, two mile heats, best two in three.

Also in May, 1752, the lovers of the turf were invited to a race on Hempstead Plains for a purse of silver of £20 value, open for any American bred horse carrying nine stone.

These British officers neglected no opportunity for enjoying themselves in every variety of horse sport. We quote from "Rivington's Gazette" August 13, 1779, the following of many similar announcements:

"A number of excellent fox-hounds having been at great difficulty and expense collected, there will be hunting every Monday, Wednesday

and Thursday at Hempstead Plains. One-guinea subscription to those who wish to partake in the Amusement. Half a guinea for a bag-fox.

Bull baiting and other good old English sports were attempted.

In 1780, three day games in honor of the King's birthday were held at Ascot Heath, Flatlands Plains, Kings County. A purse of £60, a saddle, bridle and whip were the prizes for the winning horses. A foot-race to be run by women for a Holland Smock and a chintz gown worth four guineas. The regimental band will play "God Save the King" every hour. On Christmas and Easter were similar sports.

A great crowd always attended the Hay Market races, and the yeomanry for miles around were present. The bull bait which usually followed the races was very popular and the source of a great deal of amusement. On one occasion the bull having broken loose got himself entangled among the chaises which surrounded the track. Several persons were upset by the bull, fortunately no one was hurt, but in the great excitement which followed, the light-fingered professionals plied their art with great success. One crown officer lost £50 and others various amounts.

Washington Race Course, the name which succeeded New Market was also famous as a race track. But it has degenerated and in modern times it is noted for its Huckleberry Frolic held there once a year. The bill of performances included horse-races, mule-races, foot-races, women-races, sack-races, troops of lofty tumblers, moving comedies, fire-eaters, wild-beasts from the Desert of Arabia and the Mountains of Siberia. Probably no doings on this once famous Sporting Ground were more noted for wanton profanity, obscenity, dissipation, knavery and every other conceivable wickedness and abomination than Huckleberry Frolic.

Long Island has always been noted for its many and popular race-tracks. There were more high-toned race-tracks on Long Island than upon any other territory of similar dimensions in the country, and the amount of money risked upon faith in horse-flesh has probably aggregated more on Long Island than all the world beside.

Wednesday, March 17, 1847.

Yesterday, we attended the last of Professor Mitchell's lecture on astronomy. The subjects were "The Great Telescope of Lord Rosse," the "Planet Le Verrier" and "The Central Sun of Maedler." He is a charming lecturer; his enthusiasm has a spontaneity about it calculated to charm and interest his audience.

In the lecture on Lord Rosse's Telescope, the lecturer gave an idea of the vast space-penetrating power of the instrument by comparing it to the unaided eye. That by using in succession these artificial eyes of greater and greater power the distance of those objects in the heavens that are most remote may be approximated. In this way Sir W. Herschel estimated the dimensions of that starry cluster in which our system

is situated sounding through the milky way till the empty regions of space were reached. Then turning from the galaxy of other clusters, the lecturer told us were revealed to the telescope each in number and constitution like our milky way universes of stars. And the number of the congresses of suns was equal to the number of visible stars the eye might view watching the heavens from evening till dawn. The appliances to the telescope whereby the slight motions of the stars were measured and the clock-work which held the telescope fixed on the same object were beautifully illustrated.

The lecture on Le Verrier was equally happy. The tribute or praise paid to the great Astronomer was heartfelt and the audience joined heartily with their approbation.

..... 1847.

Under agreement heretofore made, enter formally the Law office of Smith & Lowrey and commenced the study of law. Also commenced a course in the Columbia Law lectures.

Sunday, March 12, 1848.

Make an engagement to take position on a new daily paper to be published in Brooklyn and to be called "The Brooklyn Freeman." It is to be edited by Walt Whitman, a young man, formerly of the "Eagle." We shall in no wise, however, relinquish our study of the law with Smith & Lowrey.

Tuesday, April 25, 1848.

The first number of "The Freeman" was issued this day. It is quite a comfortable sheet, has been much complimented, of which we feel justly proud.

P. S.—Through all the incidents of a long life, the greatest surprise we ever experienced was on awaking one morning, many years subsequent to the above entry and finding Walt Whitman, a humanitarian, a moralist and a great poet. We never knew up to that time that he was even suspected of possessing a low average of either of these attainments. It is said, however, that he ripened into a good old man.

CHAPTER XIV

EAST RIVER BRIDGE.—BENJAMIN F. THOMPSON.—AN Eloement.—MARGARET FULLER.—DR. BETHUNE.

Wednesday, October 6, 1848.

 TENDED a meeting of the Agricultural Society of Queens County at Jamaica. The Society was addressed by Hon. John A. King. It was made an interesting occasion; met my father there and very many of the Hempstead South people who held Mr. King in high estimation. The address was very entertaining and instructive in its statistics and history of Agriculture in Queens County. We had no notion of the amount of history in this subject.

(P. S.—We believe this valuable address of Mr. King was published in pamphlet.)

Thursday, February 15, 1849.

Ice has again appeared in the East River and agitation has again begun about a bridge to New York.

Twenty years ago the project of a bridge across the East River was introduced by the newspapers of that day and much curious speculation was elicited. The necessity for a bridge, it was urged at that day, was the great delay and danger in crossing the river, especially in the winter season when the river was filled with ice. But now that the clumsy old ferry-boats, then in use, have been entirely done away with and we have safe, swift and commodious, almost palatial boats on which we cross the river in a few minutes at all seasons and in all weather, sooner, safer and less exposed than we would be in crossing on a bridge on foot and we have all not reached the luxury of carriages, we think the emergency of a bridge discussion ought to be considered off, or entirely passed. But, it is not. We have recently had a renewal of the old craze. This may be as much, or more, owing to the fact that there is nothing more intangible to talk about, as for any other reason; but, whatever the cause, the question is here and seems determined to remain until talked out. To look this project squarely in the face and note the mischief, such an accomplishment which we look upon as being a little less than impossible and the difficulties to be overcome a little less than infinite, and the evils it would entail upon community, ought to silence all advocates of so chimerical a scheme.

It would be necessary to build such a structure high enough to let our largest ships pass under it—say 125 feet, then, there is the greatest danger of vessels fouling with the piers. Who? let me ask would mount such a structure to walk over the river so long as our present ferry conveniences exist?

But there are greater considerations why such a thing should not be built. First.—It would be a shocking deformity to both cities and the beautiful strait flowing between them, the peculiar beauty of which has been so much admired by strangers visiting our cities. Second.—Our two cities are fast moving up the East River and another generation will see them extending to Hell Gate and the approaches of the Sound.

All this vast water line will be required for the accommodation of our shipping which will necessitate uninterrupted communication with the sea. The obstacles presented by a structure which would require vessels to lower their topmasts, the supports, or piers of which standing in the river channel would be a perpetual menace to our already extensive and rapidly increasing commerce. Third.—Could our government maintain the Navy Yard in its present location with such a barrier at its portals? No! it would be immediately removed. No man in his senses would doubt it. It would be attended without a single benefit to the government. Fourth.—How in the name of all that is rational could it be made to pay? The American people have no love for things that don't pay. It would thus entail deformity and expense. Let me ask its advocates, would they build it for ornament, for commerce or for profit?

Our citizens ought to look to these things in season and stamp the project with marked disapprobation before it has reached a point where it may work incalculable mischief.

The various individual estimates which have from time to time appeared in the newspapers for the construction of this gigantic scheme has run over the scale from one to two millions of dollars.

P. S.—And now in 1912 comments are unnecessary on the foregoing views. They were entertained by thousands of people. At that period it was only contemplated to construct a bridge for foot passage and light vehicles.

Wednesday, March 21, 1849.

Attended the funeral of Benjamin F. Thompson, the historian, at Hempstead, author of the first and second editions of the History of Long Island.

Mr. Thompson was a native of Long Island, having been born at Setauket, May 15, 1784. He was admitted to the practice of law in 1824 and at once engaged in a successful practice.

He was made District-Attorney of Queens County and served in that capacity from 1826 to 1836. He was also a member of the State Legis-

lature and author of the History of Long Island which was published in 1839; a second edition was called for in 1843.

In every department of life public and private which Mr. Thompson was called upon to fill as a lawyer, author, law-maker and defender of the law, he was faithful to the trusts he had assumed. He had the rare faculty of chronologically arranging his facts and clearly and lucidly expressing his ideas, and he was a ready debater, qualities eminently befitting the lawyer and historian.

As a politician, Mr. Thompson was not a great success. He had qualities which made him objectionable to party leaders and their hostility unfitted him for a successful political career, for which he had no genius or craving. He had great love for accumulating and arranging historical matter and had his life been spared, he would probably have ranked among the greatest of native historians. At the time of his death, he was preparing a third edition of the History of Long Island and had also collected a great amount of material for a History of the State of New York. We believe the rare ability of Lawyer Thompson thrown unreservedly in such a work as the last named would have created a monument to his memory.

Mr. Thompson was always a gentleman, not alone in the flexibility of manner which made you feel easy and self-assured in his presence, but also in his personal appearance. He was faultless in the neatness and good taste of his attire. In the latter, he may have been considered fastidious. Whatever may be said of him, however, he was certainly no accident in conduct or habit.

There is a story told implicating Mr. Thompson, which is probably substantially true. It is not a joke, there is no wit or humor in it; it is simply ridiculous.

During a term of the Supreme Court held at the Court House in North Hempstead, Israel Hewlett, a well-to-do farmer of Merrick had been summoned on the jury and necessarily had to be present every day during the term, unless excused, although living seven miles from the Court.

Some years previous to the above, Israel Hewlett had suffered a defeat in a law-suit in which Lawyer Thompson was engaged on the other side. Israel felt injured and it was a long time (if ever) before amicable relations were restored. But with Hewlett a recollection of the event was not of pleasant memory.

One day on the adjournment of the Court above-mentioned, and while a storm threatened, Mr. Thompson being two and a half miles from home and without a conveyance, asked of Hewlett to leave him at Hempstead on his way home, which Hewlett very gracefully consented to do and seemed pleased for an opportunity to oblige his old foe. They set out together in Hewlett's wagon to cross the plains. They, however, had proceeded but a little way when it began to rain. Thompson was uneasy, his fine clothes and beaver hat were being spoiled.

Hewlett was relishing the pitiable condition of his guest, especially as he had nothing (himself) to spoil, his entire outfit could have been duplicated at a cost of twenty shillings.

Now, although the rain came down in torrents, Hewlett seemed in no hurry and permitted the old horse without urging to pursue his dog-trot gait, and by the time they had reached the first possible shelter which was Daniel Sealey's wagon-house on the plain edge at Hempstead, the lawyer was soaked to the skin and his fine clothes absolutely spoiled.

This story is not unlikely to be true; it probably never occurred to Hewlett that he had the lawyer at advantage and did not seek to alleviate the conditions by speeding his old horse. They remained at the wagon-house until the storm abated, then Mr. Hewlett kindly offered to see the attorney to his home; this kindness was declined.

Mr. Thompson never outlived this outrage, but his good sense was such that no one ever heard him complain. But he refused to accept a retainer in an action where Israel Hewlett was a co-defendant.

Sunday, March 31, 1850.

Passed the night at the old homestead. Sprang out of bed this morning awakened by the honking cry of northward bound wild geese. We looked up and located them. They were flying in an unbroken line against a strong northeasterly wind. Sometimes the line wavered as if in doubt but the marvelous precision was renewed, when confidence was restored.

It was many years ago that scenes like this attracted us and we have not grown weary with their yearly occurrence. We forget everything else when we hear the honk—honk, of a flock of wild geese and never lose our interest until the last faint honk has died away and themselves lost in the distant horizon.

The flight of wild geese over Long Island is lessening year by year and not many years hence will cease altogether. Whether geese like many others of our wild tribes are becoming extinct, or are pursuing other routes to their summer homes we do not know. We do know, however, that vast numbers of them are now pursuing an inland route.

Thursday, July 18, 1850.

An interesting event which has filled the neighborhood with gossip transpired here last week and which is worthy of note in these memoirs.

Mr. William Nasmith, a well-to-do Ship chandler of New York City with his daughter have spent many summers at the Lott's Inn, Hicks Neck,—he in order that he might pursue his favorite sport of fishing and gunning of which he was inordinately fond—and she because her father desired her happiness and wanted her near him, her mother being dead.

Mr. Nasmith's custom during the summer months is to spend from Friday of each week to Tuesday of the next week at the Inn, his daughter remains there all the time. A young man by the name of Platt from the north side near Huntington was an occasional visitor at the

Hick's Neck Inn for the same ostensible purpose of Mr. Nasmith, namely, for fishing and gunning. He became acquainted with Miss Nasmith and having nothing else to do, they on a very slight provocation fell in love in this wise—at supper one evening it was discovered that they were mutually fond of buttered toast and thereupon reciprocal relations sprung up which ripened into a closer alliance.

"What thin partitions do our souls divide!"

Matters continued on without attracting special notice of the outside world, except one or two old busy bodies who had seen the young couple looking at the moon one evening. Young Platt's visits, however, were observably more frequent and not specially confined to the sporting season, nor that kind of game which is seduced by the decoy, or which rises to the fly.

On Wednesday afternoon of last week during the absence of Mr. Nasmith, Mr. Platt drove up to the Inn with a dashing turnout and invited Miss Nasmith to take a drive to which she unhesitatingly assented. They drove straight to the residence of Rev. Lorenzo Rushmore at Hempstead. This accommodating clergyman who had probably united more couples than any other of the cloth on Long Island, put the seal of his approval to a ceremony which made them man and wife.

The boys of the Neck got wind of the affair in the afternoon and when the wedding party returned to the Inn in the evening they were met by the posse with a full calathumpian band making the night hideous with their polyglot music, all kinds of horns, drums, horse-fiddles, tin pans, conkshells and every other conceivable machine out of which noise could be extracted.

They persistently continued their serenade long into the evening and until the bridegroom appeared and invited the crowd to the bar-room for refreshments, partaking of which they retired. But this was not the end of the matter, when Mr. Platt's father-in-law came home on Thursday evening and was made acquainted with the true status of things the atmosphere of Hick's Neck became sulphurous and many rude things were said of the young couple in unadulterated Anglo-Saxon. The high temperature soon subsided, however, for at this moment young Platt appeared on the scene and assured his irate father-in-law that he was no country swain, as represented, but was of respectable lineage and gentle extraction. And said he, "Your daughter as was her legal right, has substituted me in the place of her worthy father as her guardian and protector and I therefore desire that there be a suspension of offensive or unpleasant language toward her, or as her guardian and protector I shall be compelled to enforce a duty which I flatter myself I am competent to perform."

After this little spirited speech full of good sense and good intentions, Mr. Nasmith seemed to have changed his opinion and began to look upon the boy with greater respect, the attitude rather pleased

him and his expression betokened that he believed the boy qualified to fulfil his promises and he began to regard him,

“With mingled admiration and surprise.”

So suddenly was the transition that a full reconciliation was effected before dinner, but the curious and inquisitive audience gathered outside the Inn had also to be placated and consequently they were invited to a second ratification of the nuptials at the Inn bar at the expense of Mr. Nasmith. This was eminently satisfactory.

P. S.—Not long after the above, the sign over the store of Mr. Nasmith in South Street, New York, was changed to Nasmith & Platt, which sign in a very faded state still remains (1886) although the firm has long since been changed to H. Platt & Sons, Mr. Nasmith having died and his son-in-law inherited his business.

Monday, July 22, 1850.

It was announced on a newspaper bulletin in Brooklyn, July 19, 1850, that Margaret Fuller (now Marchioness Ossoli) had perished with her husband and child by shipwreck off Oak Island, Long Island.

The Ossoli family were the only passengers on the sailing bark “Elizabeth” which sailed from Leghorn, May 17th, and on the morning of Tuesday, July 16th, she encountered a cyclone off the coast of Long Island and was driven upon the beach at Oak Island where the entire Ossoli family, father, mother and son perished.

Margaret Fuller was a woman of very extraordinary natural and acquired ability, with a far-reaching and comprehensive intellect and was exceedingly popular in America. She counted among her associates and personal friends Emerson, Thoreau, Channing, Furness, Winthrop, George Ripley, Freeman Clarke, Wendell Phillips, Hawthorne, W. Lloyd Garrison, George B. Cheever and many others.

The expression of sorrow from the press was very general and widespread.

Tuesday, July 23, 1850.

Day before yesterday we resolved to visit the scene of the late tragedy and to-day took our boat and sailed from Raynortown over to the Oak Island beach. On arriving at the beach we found a great many people there. The hull of the bark was still visible with stumps of her spars standing above the water. There were many interested strangers on the beach, friends we were told of Margaret Fuller. Gabriel Harrison, of Brooklyn, actor, writer and poet, and George B. Cheever, Unitarian Minister of New York, friends

and acquaintances of Margaret Fuller, pointed out to us among the interested persons Ralph Waldo Emerson, George Ripley and others, to some of whom we were introduced by Cheever and Harrison.

These persons were here on a mission of love, to secure the bodies of the unfortunates for entombment and had been waiting since the accident expecting that the bodies would come to the surface after a few days.

During yesterday many fragments of the wreck and cargo at intervals were driven ashore by the waves, and the beach was patrolled for miles east and west, but no tidings of the bodies up to the time of our leaving.*

*TABLET TO MARGARET FULLER.

On the sandy beach of Point o' Woods, overlooking the waters where Margaret Fuller, her husband, Marquis Ossoli, and her little son were drowned half a century ago, a pavilion has been built, and a tablet to her memory was unveiled on July 19, 1901.

All of the speakers at the unveiling referred to the fact that the body of the talented American woman lay in an unmarked grave, the sea never having given up the body.

In the audience, however, was a woman who shook her head protestingly when these statements were made. She was Mrs. Julia Daggett, who says that Margaret Fuller is buried in Coney Island. According to the story she tells, the body was cast up on the beach after the dead woman's brothers had left there, giving up hope of finding it, but leaving word that if the sea should surrender it later it was to be sent to Horace Greeley, who would see that it was buried.

Mrs. Daggett's father, Captain James Wicks, she says, accordingly took the body to the city on his sloop and hunted up Mr. Greeley, to whom he told his story. For some reason Mr. Greeley refused to act in the matter, and Captain Wicks took the body to Coney Island, where he buried it secretly.

Many old sailors have heard a similar report. Even members of the Fuller family, of whom three, Mrs. Arthur B. Fuller, Mrs. Richard F. Fuller and Mrs. Arthur B. Nichols, were present, think it possible the story is true.

The exercises preceding the unveiling of the tablet were held in the Point o' Woods Hall, which was filled with cottagers and visitors. Mrs. Lillie Devereux Blake presided. She told of the interest she as a child had had in Margaret Fuller from hearing her mother speak of her.

Charles W. Hand said that although the American woman had shouldered the musket and had put iron into the hearts of men in times of war, she had accomplished more by her pen.

"Margaret Fuller cut a highway in which her sisters should follow," he said. He asserted that he never feared that women would overpower men in the strife for power, because he believed in the survival of the fittest. This pronouncement caused that intrepid suffragist, Mrs. Blake, to start slightly.

Mrs. Charlotte B. Wilbour, first vice-president of Sorosis, told of a reception to Margaret Fuller in East Cambridge which she had attended with her father, and how the great woman had said to her, "Little girl, don't think."

The Rev. C. H. Townsend thought that not the least praiseworthy attribute of Margaret Fuller had been her ability to inspire admiration in the breast of "that foremost of twentieth century women, Lillie Devereux Blake." The deep things of her heart had been answered from the depths of Mrs. Blake's heart, and he compared Margaret Fuller to the transmitter of a truth telephone and Mrs. Blake to the receiver.

Letters were read from Mrs. Edna B. Cheney, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Colonel T. W. Higginson.

After the hall ceremonies a procession was formed, and this marched across the plank walks to the pavilion, where Mrs. Blake drew the cord which unveiled the bronze tablet bearing the inscription:

"To commemorate Margaret Fuller, Marchioness Ossoli, author, editor, poet, orator, who with her husband, Marquis Ossoli, and their child, Angelo, perished by shipwreck off this shore July 19, 1850, in the 41st year of her age. Noble in thought and in character, eloquent of tongue and of pen, she was an inspiration to many of her own time, and her uplifting influence abides with us. Erected 1901."

Sarah Margaret Fuller whose talents and individuality of character and untimely death at Oak Island Beach, Long Island, have given to her history a peculiar and tragic interest, was born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 23, 1810. Under the care of her father, Timothy Fuller, a lawyer and member of Congress, she was early and thoroughly instructed in the classics. It is related that he used to say of her that, while still a child, she knew more Latin and Greek than half the professors. At a very early age she had also made great proficiency in the French and Italian languages. After the death of her father of cholera in 1835, she became teacher of languages in the Bromar-Alcott School in Boston, and subsequently a principal in a classical school at Providence, Rhode Island. About this time her writings began to attract attention. Her philosophy is recognized as the Kantian Transcendentalism of today, viz.: A true knowledge of all things material and immaterial, human and divine.

In 1839 she published a translation of "Eckermann's Conversations with Goethe," a work which made her famous.

In 1840, she became editor of the *Dial*, a periodical instituted for the advancement and diffusion of Transcendentalism in America. In the editorship of the *Dial* she was associated with Ralph Waldo Emerson and George Ripley. These associations continued for four or five years, during which period, Margaret had written a number of admirable articles on philosophy; also essays on literature and art.

Her "Critique on Goethe," especially in the second volume of the *Dial* has been greatly and deservedly praised. "Nowhere," says Emerson, "did Goethe find a braver, more intelligent or more sympathetic reader."

Her "Summer on the Lakes," a vivid and truthful picture of prairie life was published in 1843. It was a wild enjoyment, a sympathetic and sustained love for the luxuriances of nature.

Soon after she became associated with Horace Greeley in charge of the literary department of the *Tribune*, when appeared her "Women of the Nineteenth Century," which had many sympathetic and admiring readers. It was the clearest and most logical, as it was the loftiest and most commanding assertion yet made of the rights of woman, with the claim to be regarded and treated as an independent intelligent rational being.

Channing says of her, "Behind the poet was the woman." The very glow of her poetic enthusiasm was but an outflush of truthful affection, the very restlessness of her intellect was the confession that her heart had found no home.

Horace Greeley says when he first made the acquaintance of Miss Fuller, she was mentally the best instructed woman in America while she was physically one of the least enviable. Later, Greeley said of her that she was the best talker since the days of Madame de Stael, and I have heard her characterized as the most cultivated woman in conversation about Boston.

Rev. William H. Channing, her cousin, says her great powers in conversation began with the child; its foundation was earnestness, having as Channing says in her youth, robust health, a love for open air and fields and gushing love for nature.

In 1846, she visited England, when she made the acquaintance of Wordsworth, Carlyle, Dr. Chalmers, de Quinsey, the Howells and other eminent men. Wherever she went, she was received with great favor.

From London she traveled through France, met George Sand, Beranger, Joanna Barlic and thence into Italy where she became interested in the Italian struggle for liberty under the leadership of Mazzani. At Rome she accidentally made the acquaintance of the Marquis Giovanni Ossoli, an enthusi-

astic Republican, who found himself cut off from family and friends in consequence of his connection with the Italian struggle.

The heroic effort for liberty in Rome failed; the sympathy, however, between Miss Fuller and the Marquis was the means of bringing them closer together and they became very much attached and although the Marquis was much younger than Miss Fuller, in December, 1847, they were married. This fact was for a time withheld from the public, but it was well known to our Minister at Rome, Lewis Cass, and Mrs. William Story, a Boston friend of Margaret.

The Marquis being ostracised by family and friends and Margaret without money in a land of strangers, they resolved to come to America, and in May, 1850, they with their son Angelo, embarked in the brig "Elizabeth" at Leghorn for America, and on July 16th, all perished in the wreck of the "Elizabeth" at Oak Island.

A monument commemorating her memory has been erected in Auburn Cemetery (Mount Auburn in Cambridge), and a stone marks the scene of the disaster at Oak Island, now entirely obliterated by the drifting sand dunes.



Margaret Fuller Memorial at Point O' Woods.

The Improvement Society of the Chautauqua largely through the efforts of Mrs. Lillie D. Blake erected on the dunes at Point o' Woods a few years ago a Margaret Fuller Memorial, which now stands.

The principal cargo of the "Elizabeth" was marble, included in which was the statue of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, the apostle of State Rights. This statue was intended for the Capitol at Washington, and after the wreck was recovered by divers and now occupies the place intended for it. Few who see this work of art know anything of its eventful voyage and shipwreck.

Tuesday, March 4, 1851.

The game laws restraining trout fishing on Long Island expired yesterday, and this morning there was an exodus of New York sportsmen at the Milburn Pond, although there was ice still in the pond. At least there were six city disciples of Isaac Walton all elegantly equipped in the most modern corduroys and leggins strung along the dam and as many more in boats on the pond. Among the latter we recognized the stubby form of the Rev. George W. Bethune, a popular Dutch Reformed preacher, who has an *angling* reputation. It is said that another old lover of the sport who had visited this pond annually every spring for forty years past was there.

Angling is of great antiquity with all ranks and in all ages. Homer describes an angler standing on a rock fishing with a rod and line, armed to protect him from the bites of the fish. Oppian describes the use of a gang of hooks, and the art of spinning the bait. Ælian, A. D. 230, describes angling for trout with an artificial fly. This art like most others was lost during the dark ages, but appeared again on the revival of letters. The first book printed in England was "*The Boke of St. Albans*," 1460, a work on fishing and hunting, generally attributed to Dame Juliana Berners. Dr. Bethune brings us down to Gervase Markham and Thomas Barker in his favorite edition of "Isaac Walton."

It is a curious fact that Walton found his best editor in America. Doctor Bethune has brought to this edition (a labor of love) great and various learning, an eloquent pen with profound love and regard for the Father of Anglers, besides a practical knowledge of the art.

Thursday, July 7, 1853.

We have to record another destructive fire in the Long Island forests. There was a time before the installation of the Long Island Railroad that Long Island furnished vast quantities of fuel for the

City of New York. Sloops and schooners by the mile were constantly going and coming as carriers of wood and other freight. But since the road was opened to Sag Harbor in 1845 there has scarcely been a day, from May to November, in which some portion of these forests have not been burned. Many of these fires destroy thousands of cords of cut cured wood awaiting transportation, and this local commerce has almost ceased. So desperate has the people become that threats have been made to tear up the road.

CHAPTER XV

SWIFT CREEK ENCAMPMENT.—PHOSPHORESCENCE.—REVOLUTIONARY ANECDOTES,
ETC.—PROFESSOR JOHNSTONE AND CAPTAIN JOHNSON, A CONTRAST.

Sunday, July 17, 1853.



E are now on our summer vacation. On Thursday last, July 14th, we attended the formal opening of the Crystal Palace, New York, one of the greatest events in the history of New York City. On Friday afternoon last, July 15th, we found ourselves in the company of three New York friends in a smoking car of a Long Island Railroad train bound eastward, our destination being the Great South Bay, our purpose, two or three days recreation in the said bay. The party had been previously agreed upon and consisted of B. Frank Rushmore, and lawyer Dykeman of Hempstead, three city friends, my father, self, boathands and a chef de cuisine, or general utility man. As per agreement, we were to rendezvous at Bedell's Landing, Hicks Neck, where we were to remain until the time of our departure, fixed at one o'clock next morning. On arriving at the landing we found everything ready for our departure.

After a supper consisting of fried eels and bread and butter, with coffee prepared by Mrs. Bedell we strolled about the neighborhood until about eight o'clock, when with our blankets we took possession of an unoccupied boathouse and went to sleep.

At half-past one Saturday morning Tredwell Smith and the chef arrived, called us up and gave the order for departure. No time was wasted in preparation. In twenty minutes we were under way, it then being high water, or early ebb. Our destination was Big Swift Creek where we expected to spend our three days in fishing, gunning, or in doing absolutely nothing (except eating), each after his own orthodox method.

It was about two in the morning of July 16th when the word was given to shove off, and we drifted and poled down with the tide to Miller's Landing when we hoisted sail and stood down the creek toward the open bay with a gentle southwest breeze.

It was a delightful morning. A short distance from Miller's Landing, the creek debouches into the bay. We had scarcely reached the offing, or cove, as it was called, when our attention was directed to an unusual display of phosphorescent light in the water. This appeared whenever the water became agitated.

We had on many former occasions witnessed similar luminousness in the waters of the bay, but never so pronounced as on this morning. We regret that we have not the appliances, or the scientific training to intelligently investigate this most wonderful phenomenon. Scientists have told us that phosphorescence in the waters of this bay is the result of molecular action and yet so far as this information extends, its primeval cause in the molecule is a sealed volume, a secret not yet revealed by nature, or science, to the most favored.

The gentle ripple at the bow of our boat as it parted and broke up the waters seemed like a sheet of white flame. In the distance we could hear a boat which was being rowed; it was probably 200 or 300 yards from us. We could not see it, except at the dip of the oars in the water, when the same phenomenon of light appeared, as that by which we were surrounded. A fish coming to the surface and darting off rapidly produced a streak of light which extended a long way under the surface, not unlike the trail of a meteor, a stick thrust suddenly into the water produced a similar effect.

Some of the various effects produced by our simple experiments improvised from the appliances at hand and others which were merely incidental, as the flight of a duck just above the surface of the water its wings in strokes more rapid than one could count, left a furrow of light a quarter of a mile in extent. And then our little sloop was an interesting factor in our experiments. She was making it lively for the infusorial polyp as she seemed ploughing through a sea of white flame, the traces of which, were distinguishable for 300 feet astern. Nearly every individual of our party had had experiences of similar phenomena, but, none attempted an explanation, or solution of it. B. Frank Rushmore, however, who had much reading and professional experience, vouchsafed to express opinions, and whose ideas enter largely into the following notes:

From time immemorial the phosphorescence of the sea has been observed critically by navigators and the luminosity pronounced due to various causes, principally, however, to the presence of a multitude of molluscs and zoophites which shine by their own light. There are many learned men, nevertheless, who maintain that the emission of light is the result of putrefaction of animal organisms.

Captain John Davis on the occasion of crossing the Arabian Sea in 1612 from Socotra, says:

"After we had parted from the island we were one night surprised with a strange sparkling and glaring of the water all about us. "Twas just before so dark that one could not see half the length of "the ship, when it suddenly became so light that we could see to read "tolerably well."

Pliny had observed that certain shellfish gave out a gleaming light in the dark of the nature of certain Pholades.

Captain Cook saw splendid illuminations of the sea on the 29th October, 1768, off the coast of Brazil, the origin of which he ascribed to presence of microscopical animalculae. In 1772 he witnessed a similar phenomenon on a more magnificent scale, near the Cape of Good Hope. He described it as of spectacular beauty, the ocean seemed to be in a lambent blue flame like the Medusa. He collected some of the water and found it full of minute animals of gelatinous substance. This would antagonize the theory of Quaterfagus who says that the seat of the light is in the muscular substance.

But all the above seems to be phenomena of the ocean, or open sea, while we are describing a phenomenon which in all its details is identical with those of the ocean, but which occurred in a land-locked bay, where the depth of the water varied only from four to eight feet at high water, the bottom of which was grown over pretty generally with eel grass (*Zastera Marina*), some of which reached the surface. Millions upon millions of individuals of crustaceans, polyps, sea-urchins, jellyfish, snails, etc., for thousands of generations have found a congenial home amid the tangled meshes of this grass, which also served as a protection against enemies. No significance appears to rest upon the depth of water, for there was no change in the manifestations of light emitted when we sailed into deeper water.

We had no means in our power for investigating this marvelous spectacle, a scoopnet captured nothing, but came out of the water radiant with light. A most glowing effect was produced in the water, on the discharge of a gun, the shot taking effect at the distance of about 100 feet from the spectator. The light produced did not differ in color from other effects, but it was more brilliant, more like a flash and passed off sooner.

As we passed along the headlands of the marsh, the presence of those species of nocturnal birds (waders) as the bittern, quock, etc., was betrayed by the slight effect of light produced as they waded along the edge of the sedge in search of food in the shallow waters. The male bittern it is said carries a phosphorescent lamp in his breast. There is a large list of fishes as sharks, sunfish, jellyfish, etc., and many crustaceans which possess luminous organs, many of which, actually swarm in our bays. And it may be that the putrescent theory as certified by Darwin is owing to a fact suggested by a great German naturalist also, that luminous organs retain their power of giving light after the death of the animal and long before putrescence has taken place. This would seem to be a clear refutation of the putrescent theory, as also the more generally adopted theory that the light emitting power of animals is under the control of the nervous system.

Darwin says: "*Voyage of the Beagle*," "Observation has taught me "to believe that the sea is most luminous after a few days of more than "ordinary calm, during which time it has swarmed with vast quantities "of animal life. Observing that the waters when left undisturbed become

"charged with gelatinous particles in an impure state and that the luminous appearance in all cases is produced by agitation of the fluid contact with the atmosphere, I am inclined to consider that phosphorescence "is the result of decomposition."

Therefore, from our own very limited experience and all the aggregate available experiences of others who have observed and investigated the subject of the phosphorescence of the sea scientifically—the real cause of the phenomenon in all its phases up to the present is as far from a harmonious solution as it was in the beginning. For while we accept the most popular and, in fact, only logical theory that in our bay and in all the carefully observed cases in the open sea the illumination proceeds from infusoria (and other organisms) the main question of, how is it produced in the infusoria? is as far from a solution as ever, and that we know little, if anything, more about it than Pliny did.

Sunday, July 17, 1853.

We sailed out of the bay into Little Scow Creek and to the head of Long Creek, and down Long Creek to the north end of White Hill Marsh, and thence along the channel at the north side of White Hill Marsh to Swift Creek, and thence to our destination. An Indian shell heap on the west side of the creek marks the spot, it being pretty solid ground. We arrived just as the upper limb of the sun was gilding the summits of the sand dunes of Jones' Beach. This had been an ancient Indian camping ground, or may be a wampum manufactory. No implements were ever found here, however, to our knowledge but it was a vast accumulation of clam shells. The bank is gradually wearing away by the action of the waves and currents, and has been for years. No one can tell how much has gone or how long the balance will remain. The ground is high and dry and covered with a growth of quasi-upland vegetation. It is a commanding point on the creek, with a population of millions of fiddler crabs and devil's darning needles.

The first thing to be done on landing was to prepare for breakfast which was served about seven o'clock, and it was no French breakfast, of one roll and coffee, but a generous American camp breakfast consisting of clam fritters in endless quantities, fried potatoes, bacon, rolls and coffee. After breakfast the company dispersed, each pursuing his own method of enjoyment, some remained in camp for no special purpose, except that it required less exertion than to move about, and they chose to occupy their time in doing absolutely nothing. Some took to the fishing ground about 200 yards distant, some strolled on the beach, another party had selected a likely point of land a short distance from camp on which to lay in ambush with gun for the chance game that might have the rashness to pass within shot.

It was a model day and we were consecrating it with the physical and mental indifference contemplated in the original programme.

There had been no flagrant violations of the do-nothing order of the day up to two o'clock when the signal was hoisted announcing dinner.

An open canvas canopy had been stretched over the improvised table as a protection from the sun and problematically rain, under which was spread a banquet which would have seduced the most sensorious epicure, and all without ostentation. A great feature of the feast was the clambake, the clams were served in perfection.

However, just before dinner was signalled we hailed a yacht passing through Swift Creek having recognized some friends on board, Thomas Welsh, Seaman N. Snedecker, John Henry Seaman, of Hempstead, a Professor Johnstone, of Washington, and John Johnson, of Hick's Neck, pilot and guide. They had been to Fire Island and were on their way home. They immediately rounded up to our moorings and we invited them to dinner which they accepted on condition that they be permitted to contribute from their store of provisions to the meal. This was accepted. But our caterer went into high dudgeons over this unexpected addition to our dinner party, as a great courtesy to him in sandwiching in five additional hungry guests who had not been provided for. He called it a dangerous precedent. However, he was pacified and we repaired to the dining-room. We were two hours at the table. There was a great deal of talk and gossip, some of which was very entertaining.

Professor Johnstone who had been several years in the government service, in making geological explorations and surveys for a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific Ocean, gave us an account of camp life on the plains and in the Rocky Mountains. These sketches were full of adventure. He was familiar with the habits and customs of both the wild and civilized natives west of the Mississippi, of the latter, the Navajos, Pecos, Moquis, Zuni and Pueblos he had lived among, and entertained us with relations and anecdotes of their habits and customs. The impressions made concerning them were of a character likely to be enduring.

There was no set subject for talk and no set talker, all talked, the conversation unconsciously passed from one subject to another and from one individual to another. Much of it was small nonsense.

The primeval purpose of the gathering was to eat, talking was simply incidental and was indulged in only as there was time and demand for it. But in the present diary conversation is brought to the front and made principal, while in reality it was subsidiary, and we have emphasized the selections.

As representatives no two men in the world present greater contrasts than Professor Johnstone and Captain Johnson who are in relief here. One, a young man possessing the highest culture of the schools, experience, flexible and graceful manner with a chaste and polished style in conversation. The other, an old man, a graduate from the

school of nature, a close observer, a limited vocabulary, a phenomenal memory, a natural and seductive manner and a master of the art of punctuating his story, Professor Johnstone was the delight of the Lyceum, Captain Johnson the oracle of the country grocery store. Captain Johnson knew nothing of the philosophy of finance and was innocent of the bustle of business. He had practically through life carried out the theory that leisure is more desirable than wealth, and he devoted his life to its attainment. He was not usually communicative before strangers, but on this occasion the Bass ale seemed to have had a limbering effect upon his vocal organs. He related local experiences of the South Bay, the marsh and beach, of marvelous catches of fish and hair-breadth escapes from drowning, freezing and murder by pirates of sea and land. He confirmed the astonishing feat of Tom Carman (related in another place in this work), who killed forty-six black ducks by one discharge of his fowling piece. This story was current and well remembered by many present.

The Captain's stories were well told in a natural unaffected way. They belonged to the literature of legend and experience rather than that of history, and so impressed the hearer, with a dry, natural grace, not burdened by the cumbersome entanglements of Lindley Murray.

He gave the following sketch of local history: "This very spot," said he, "upon which we are now sitting, I remember once seeing covered all over with French calico." Whether a pun was here contemplated, or not could not be determined from the context, or evidenced by the manner of the relator, but every one of his audience had misgivings of his construction of being covered with French calico, inasmuch as this spot was an old picnic ground, hence. . . . Said he, proceeding, "There were acres of it in the creek, on the sods and in the mud, whole pieces of the most beautiful calico, one end on the shore and the other floating and trailing in the creek. And it came about in this wise: A French ship called the 'Nestor' (he was a little shaky about the name), was wrecked on the beach right over here on Raccoon Beach. She was loaded with dry goods and when she broke up, boxes of dry goods were burst open by the force of the waves and their contents became the prey of the tides. The beach for miles was strewn with dry goods and great quantities of it found its way inside the inlet all loose and floating loosely about bleaching in the sun, or lying around at random, this point of marsh was literally covered with it.

"Now," said the old man, "the hardest part of it all is, that while these goods were being destroyed by tossing about by the waves, trailing in the mud and fading in the sun and doing good to no one, nobody was permitted to appropriate them, officers of the law were so stationed that every boat coming from the beach or bay could be searched. It was hard," said Captain Johnson, "to keep these honest poor people of the south side, to whom these goods were so tempting,

"from taking them whenever an opportunity offered, and they could "not be kept from doing it. Great quantities of them were taken and "got on shore without detection. And the manner of doing it in some "cases was by concealing the goods between the kelson and keel in the "bottoms of their boats, in other cases to stuff the goods down the trunk "of the centerboard.

"I never heard of any one being punished for the theft, the goods "when found in their possession were taken from them and they were "permitted to go, so far as my knowledge goes."

Our own memory confirms the story of the old pilot Johnson. We do not remember the wreck of the "Nestor," but we do remember when it was a reproach for a woman to appear in public in what was called "beach calico," and the history of beach calico was the identical story told by Captain Johnson of the wreck of the "Nestor," and which must have transpired years prior, judging from the fact that we do not remember the shipwreck and there must have been a lapse of some years between the period of the wreck and where our recollection begins. There was no mistaking the calico, it was so Frenchy that everybody recognized it at sight.

The old captain prided himself on Revolutionary history and of the second war with Great Britain, and he, with great swagger, arraigned the patriotism of the Tredwell ancestors. He said the inhabitants of Rockaway, Hick's, Coes and Raynor's Necks had a great love for George III and the mother country during the Revolution, and they showed it; but they were not a breed of martyrs and many of them managed to be on good terms with either army of occupation. He gave some early reminiscences of the Town of Hempstead. One curious quality of the people of the town, and for which duplicity they are quite as remarkable today as they were then, was that Hempstead was a Dutch settlement with a Dutch charter and Dutch government, but was administered by Englishmen in an English manner, and so adroitly that the Amsterdam Dutchman never knew it.* They introduced the manners, customs and civilization of their ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons, and more they had entailed upon the people the English hatred of Quakers, witchcraft and the Connecticut Blue Laws, the halo of which will never fade from the pages of Colonial history.

The Town of Hempstead had a remarkable history during the Revolution. Three-fourths of the inhabitants were Tories. "My memory," said he, "goes back to a period just after the Declaration of Peace," and looking mischievously toward my father said, "all the Tredwells were Tories," and qualifying the charge by adding that they

* In the Treaty of Hartford, 1650, it was agreed, "That upon Long Island a line run from the westernmost part of Oysterbay and so in a straight and direct line to the sea shall be the bounds between the English and the Dutch there, the easterly part to belong to the English and the westernmost to the Dutch."

were none the worse for that (knowing as he well did that every Johnson was a Tory). "But," said he, "they came around all right, for in the War of 1812 and 1814 they amply redeemed themselves.

"Among the many stories of Revolutionary times in circulation along the south shore when I was a boy and when loyalists were remembered with bitter resentment, one occurs to me which seems quite in place on the present occasion because it transpired in this immediate locality in 1780, the facts of which are that the British packet ship 'Carteret' with a valuable cargo of goods, also specie and important public papers from the home government in England to the Colonial government at New York, was pursued by an American privateer and driven on shore right over yonder in sight of this spot at Jones' Beach.

"Tradition says that by the assistance and procurement of the South Hempstead Tories the officers and crew of the 'Carteret' were enabled to escape to New York with the papers, specie and other valuables and an empty prize was left for the captors. By the information carried to New York, a British fleet was immediately dispatched in pursuit of the privateer to escape which the privateer was obliged to hurry away under full sail. The 'Carteret' was in consequence left to the mercy of the waves and the king's loyal subjects of the south shore, who completely looted and dismantled her. She was sold by the Town of Hempstead at auction as she lay on the beach for £100.

"I remember," said he, "during the latter War of 1812 when all able-bodied men of Hempstead South had been conscripted and were encamped at Fort Greene, Brooklyn, fears having been entertained that an attack and reduction of New York City was contemplated by the British.

"At this time two British men-of-war appeared off New Inlet for many consecutive days and two barges made daily incursions to the mainland to forage for poultry, sheep, eggs, butter, vegetables and any other thing coming within their reach. In the unprotected state of the country they took unlimited license.

"In August, 1814, one of our coasting schooners was chased on shore at Hog Island and burned; another was burned off Rockaway. The British entered Rockaway Inlet and committed depredations upon the inhabitants. Two coasters were destroyed near New Inlet after having been plundered.

"General Daniel Bedell, whose home was Christian Hook, and whose fame was Revolutionary, and who was in command of the troops at Fort Greene was delegated to put an end to this highway robbery, and he consequently called out the home guards with orders to rendezvous on Long Beach, just over there. They appeared to the number of about 200. They formed and were drilling along the shore when the barges again put off from the ships paying no attention to General Bedell and his troops. Now these barges carried about thirty marines, each well armed, and had mounted over the bow of each a swivel gun.

The General ordered his men to form a line on the beach. While this order was being carried out a volume of smoke burst from the bow of one of the barges—then came the boom—then the ball struck in the sand about 100 feet from the General's troops making a tremendous hole and scattering the sand about in all directions. This," said the old pilot, "was a trying moment to patriotism, and having "myself been brought up to the policy that when a thing was to be "done, to do it. I lost no time in placing the beach hills between me "and the British howitzers, and I say it without malice that it became "a foot race between me and two of the Tredwell family who should "get behind the hills first.

"I had often been on dress parade on Muster Day, or General Training, but this was the first time that I had ever been actually under fire in real war. All of General Bedell's troops broke ranks and fled to the hills, except about twenty who stood their ground. Of this twenty, I now remember James Wood, Richard Bedell, Elijah Sprague, Henry Miller and Increase Pettit. And thus ended the great battle of Long Island of the second war with Great Britain. The barges did not land, however, but returned to the ships."

My father received the story and the sarcastic personalities with the utmost indifference and remarked for the benefit of those only who did not know Captain Johnson personally that he had heard the Captain tell that story a great many times and he thought, he (the Captain) believed it.

"I regret," said my father, "that I cannot vouch for the truth of the story, it is a good one. I was at the time encamped at Fort Greene and am now a pensioner of the second war, an honor and an income that Captain Johnson might now be enjoying were it not unfortunately at the time of the call that he was sick in bed.

"In retrospecting the long life of Captain Johnson, I am unable," said my father, "to discover that quality of which he boasts just before his retreat behind the sandhills, he has never been remarkable for doing things. He was gently brought up, that is, no violence was used in his training, and should he ever be arraigned upon the moral perturbations of his youth, he doubtless would implicate Providence and interpose the defence of original sin and the atonement.

"The victories of Captain Johnson's life are not through blood, but by arbitration. I wish the Captain had seen fit to relate the story of his shipping in early life at Sag Harbour as a boat steerer for a three years' whaling cruise to the south seas. His ship was wrecked on the coast of Patagonia, and all the crew who escaped drowning were served up as long-pig by the cannibalistic natives, Captain Johnson alone excepted. This has never been satisfactorily explained by the Captain, whether he was regarded by these epicures in human flesh as an unsavory morsel or taboo and thereby escaped, or his skill in arbitration saved his life. It has been unkindly hinted that he accepted as

a compromise the relation of son-in-law in the household of the reigning monarch Nganamque.

"I apologize for these slight personalities. No offense is intended. It is the Captain's privilege to deny it."

Captain Johnson was happy to accept the apology and here ended the good-natured duel.

The stories told at that dinner would aggregate a chapter of legends and traditions of shipwrecks and pirates and buried treasures, of crews sailing from New Inlet and never being heard of after. The south side of Long Island was the breeding place of superstitions of the sea, and it abounds in that class of oral and legendary literature. It is true, nevertheless, that the south shore of the island between Gilgo and Hog Island Inlets is a marine graveyard and is strewn with wrecks of vessels and treasures, and that every foot of Hempstead Beach has its tale of disaster and death, its sea tragedy. But the traditions which have taken the firmest hold on the minds of this people are those relating to buried treasures or pirates.

From times very remote the belief has prevailed pretty generally that there were treasures buried among the sandhills on the east end of Long Island. A tradition goes that at one time a suspicious looking vesesl was lying off and on the coast near New Inlet for several days. Finally, a small boat put off from the vessel and entered New Inlet, went up the West Run to a point near the Hummocks, took from the boat many boxes, carried them out of sight into the hills and returned without them. The only solution put upon this mysterious movement was that the boxes contained gold and silver and were buried in the hills. And consequently a large portion of this beach has from time to time been dug over in search for the supposed treasure, under the stimulus of dreams, visions, incantations and spells.

Many stories have been circulated of great finds and great wealth obtained by mysterious persons.

There is one story only which conservative people of the place regard as fully worthy of credence. It was current a few years ago (1842), that one of our south side neighbors had found a great quantity of money on the beach, which had been exposed by the action of the surf. A state of facts which lend plausibility to the story is that this neighbor was not a chronic fortune seeker by digging. That he was a seafaring man and poor. After the current story, he suddenly left his profession, bought a farm, spent considerable money upon it and to all appearances began a life above want and with little apparent care, and we have heard it said that he confessed to having found a large sum of money on the beach. The money was said to have been Spanish silver dollars. This neighbor still continues to live on his farm, and from his method of living and the yield of his farm, we can reach no other conclusion than that he has other resources.

Every now and then we read accounts in the newspapers of the finding of a pot of money. These reports are mostly untrue. They have their birth in a love for the marvelous.

There is no doubt that during the Revolutionary War, the Tory planters had but little fair play shown them. They constituted the wealth and respectability of the population. Their property was taken from them without law or justice. Consequently, to preserve their valuables they generally buried them and when they did so the place of deposit was a secret known to them only, and in the event of sudden death, with no opportunity to communicate to friends, the secret died with the individual. There is no doubt that many valuables were hid in this manner and we know that occasionally such treasures are being unearthed.

Our Hempstead guests left us at early flood for home, and we betook ourselves to our usual listlessness. We made ourselves comfortable for the night and remained in camp until Monday afternoon and started for home on the afternoon flood.

Tuesday, July 19, 1853.

The remainder of our vacation will be spent about the old home-stead with many excursions, no doubt, to the South Bay, which to us is a field of endless attractions, of its fishing, shooting, claming and of its natural scenery we never grow weary, they are a perpetual tonic to us.

The vast landscape of the South Bay is yet in its wild and untamed state as it came from the workshop of nature. It had suffered nothing from the vandalism of man, wherein is its great attractiveness. No conditions of simple nature can be repulsive or unattractive to the studious man.

Friday, February 24, 1854.

On the 20th of February a violent snowstorm set in on Long Island, and for two days it raged with great fury. Yesterday it cleared off with a northwest gale, and the thermometer has ever since been toying with zero. The storm it appears was of wide extent and unusual severity. Newspapers and telegrams from the west and south report it the severest ever known. From Washington to Charleston the storm was markedly severe.

Through the politeness of Hon. Elbert Hendrickson, of Charleston, S. C. (a former townsman and schoolmate, now editor), we are at the present writing (March 10, 1854) in possession of several numbers of the *Charleston, S. C., Times*, giving a rollicking account of the above-named phenomenal storm in that section.

The above trifling circumstance led to some historical incidents with which we previously were not familiar. The name of Hendrickson is a fixture of Long Island history. The Hendricksons settled

at Foster's Meadow, Hempstead South, in the middle of the seventeenth century, taking up quite a large tract of land. They were thrify, industrious and influential planters. But during the Revolutionary struggle the most substantial branch of the family adhered to the cause of the crown and incurred the hatred of the Revolutionists in so doing.

Among the freeholders of Queens County who in a petition, October 21, 1776, declared themselves, "His Majesty's Loyal and well-affected subjects of Queens County representing themselves to bear "true allegiance to His Majesty, King George III, and are sincerely "attached to his person, crown and dignity,"—were Daniel, William, John, Bernadus, Aaron, Stephen, Abram, Albert, Harman and Hendrick Hendrickson. And among the exiles to St. John, New Brunswick, in 1783, the Long Island Hendricksons were fully represented.

In May, 1776, there were rumors of a dire conspiracy among the Loyalists, so-called (rebels) "A plot as deep as Hell to bring the country to ruin." One John Hendrickson was arrested by the Congress. His long examination before that body educed no evidence against him, but it showed very plainly the excited state of Queens County. That the Tories of Hempstead have been in high spirits of late was perhaps the most ominous fact revealed. Peter Curtevius, the Commissioner General of the New York line, calls the suspected design, "A most infernal plot against the lives 'of Generals Washington and Putnam.'"

The hellish conspirators were a number of tories, (says Solomon Drown.) Among them was the Mayor of the City (Mayor Matthews of Flatbush), and three of Washington's life guards. Ninety-eight persons were accused of implication in the plot, the list being headed by that arch traitor, Richard Hewlett, of Rockaway. (American Archives.)

The whole story was probably without foundation, gotten up by the Revolutionists in the hope that circumstances might convict some Loyalist. Among the accused were Stephen Hewlett, of Rockaway, Israel Denton, near Rockaway, Charles Hicks, Hicks Neck, Thomas Hicks, Rockaway, Thomas Cornell, Rockaway and David Beatty, Hempstead.

After the Declaration of Peace, many of the above-named Loyalists removed from the town, or were exiled.

We are assured by our Charleston correspondent that the Hempstead Hendricksons were the originals from which all others of that name in the country sprang. He also informs us that his family, the Hendricksons became widely disseminated after the Independence and that representatives may be found in Halifax, Nova Scotia and Fredericton, New Brunswick. Those who remained were not the wealthiest of the family.

The foregoing interesting historical waifs were the outcrop of a freakish newspaper correspondence travesting the aforementioned snow storm, excerpts of which correspondence

were at the time entered in the diary. They were a running satire on the *Times* bombastic report of the great storm, not regarded as of any special consequence here save as a connecting link, at the same time showing the steady aggressive policy of South Carolina, the culmination of which was characterized as an "Impending Crisis." Its inception followed closely upon the heels of the Revolution.

These disturbing elements of the South were always revolutionary in character, and having survived the crisis of one revolution (of independence) began husbanding force for another.

In 1825, President Jackson saw the perfidy of the Palmetto politicians and by strategic measure averted the evil imminent at the time, but did not stamp it out. He declared that the Calhouns, the Haynes, the Butlers and the Pinckneys were blazing a path for the heresy of State Rights, Nullification and Secession.—A great truth since realized, and for the restoration of things to their normal condition he recommended a little, "healthy hanging." Our surprise was very great on learning as we did through this correspondence of the insidious growth in the South of those notions, the tendency of which was disunion and which President Jackson characterized as nullification, treason and secession.

And further and still more surprising that all the professed patriotism, love and devotion to country failed to divert this crisis which finally bore its fruit in an assault on Fort Sumter and in the establishment of a Utopian Confederacy.

We now again turn to the diary and copy the writer in the "Times" commenting upon the great snow storm aforementioned, who says—"It was the severest ever known along the line of country from "Washington to Charleston, and that on February 21st, the snow at "Charleston was ten inches deep and the storm still raging with no "indications of abating, and he exultingly and with an effort to be "funny, or original, or both, asks, referring to the ten inches of snow, "How's that for high?" but affects thankfulness in the exemption "from too frequent visitations of such undesirable luxuries for which "they of the genial south have no use, and no hankering, and prays

"that such favors be relegated to more northern climes where full crops are harvested during five months of the year, and he refers to "New York and Boston, where 'ice carnivals reach the boiling point, "and the thermometer goes down to forty degrees below zero.' "

The truth is our "Times" correspondent is as much enraptured over the novelty and success of the great obdurate ten-inch snow storm, as we are over our early potatoes.

But the constant type of Southern man concedes nothing which is not Southern—no resultant effects in any phenomenon, or event in which Southern, of austral institutions are not the most significant factors. His geographical boundaries of the United States are south by the Gulf of Mexico, east by the Atlantic Ocean, north by Mason and Dixon's Line, and west by the Rio Grande. Within these bounds he would erect an empire based on negro slavery.

The typical Southerner offensively vaunts his superior social and political attainments on every possible and impossible occasion and like an over-indulged and spoiled child wants everything in sight, and when refused, or if his shrines are not honored and worshipped, threatens apostacy and "baptism of blood," disunion and other calamitous things. He demands that he shall be permitted by Federal enactments to invade free states with his peculiar and obnoxious institution (his negro slave) with no change of status and in contravention of the laws of such free state. And an indiscrete slaveholder made his boast that he would in time call the roll of his slaves from the steps of Faneuil Hall. But we felt it our duty to inform our friend that Massachusetts has as insalubrious an atmosphere for negro slavery as South Carolina has for snow storms, and that the threatened roll call of negro slaves from the vestibule of Faneuil Hall will be a roll call of freedom.

The Southerner also claims that the words "nullification" and "free soil" have no place and ought to be expunged from the school dictionary. And many other unwise things are demanded by these spoiled disciples of Southern demagogery.

Charleston when first settled became a rendezvous for pirates and other lawless characters and they improvised an impossible government which produced so much disorder that in 1729 the Proprietors of the Carolinas sold out to the Crown and good conduct was enforced, but the old spirit of insubordination still survives.

Besides the great disadvantage in which a South Carolinian is placed by his arrogance and unbounded egotism, is that he is vastly wanting in breadth and liberality of ideas. He has rejected the opportunities of advance and recognized sources of information. He has effected the curtailment of free speech and free discussion, even the courts of law have been contaminated. But he is susceptible to development. The Carolinian we meet in Washington is quite a different being, from the stay-at-home Carolinian, not so by heredity, but made

so by a plastic environment, experience, observation and inoculation and by his encounters with thin layers of puritanism.

The swift rotation of prominent representative men from every section of the country at Washington, and it also being the headquarters of the army and navy does to a great extent command the sentiments and manners at the capital. But nevertheless true to inborn instincts the native (originally of the Carolinas) affects epaulettes and cockades of Southern creation—he is a colonel—they are all colonels, and believes that all social excellence and political discernment are products of the South and that Washington is its Olympus.

He fails to see that the great social status of which he immoderately boasts is made up of foreign "left-overs," of Western "samples" and Northern "remnants and remainders." And that his ideal is not Southern at all, except in his Bowie knife method of handling it.

But we are in no mood to wrangle over a matter so difficult to prove, and of so trifling importance when proven. We will concede all that our honorable correspondent covets including Charleston as a storm centre of cyclones and blizzards, if need be. Its spurs as a political storm centre it won years ago.

The physical thermal status of New York and Charleston in the winter months is as 0 to 30, for the political thermometer reverse the figures.

A segment of that same ten inch snow blizzard of which the "Times" correspondent so everlastingly prates raged here on Long Island for three consecutive days, and there is at the present writing more snow on Long Island than would bury the Palmetto state three feet deep.

Ten inches of snow breeds no discomfort here at the North. There is now not a wheeled-vehicle in sight on Long Island, and even in the City of New York, Brooklyn and Boston, all the carrying trade and transportation are performed upon runners which completely supply the place of wheels, omnibuses, stages, hacks, expresses are upon runners and there is a perfect carnival of pleasure seekers in private turn-outs.

And all this transformation takes place without interruption, or suspension. We go to bed on wheels and wake up in the morning on runners. But in Charleston and Washington ten inches of snow, as our correspondent frankly admits means a suspension absolutely of travel and traffic, business suspends, the entire population is confined within doors, so easily are their resources for such a contingency exhausted. With the thermometer at zero and three feet of snow more than one-half of our resources are still in reserve.

We testify with gracious acknowledgments the superiority of these sloppy latitudes in the production of early cucumbers, political *coup d'etats* and fevers, but for snow, ice, frosted feet and adult

blizzards, we suspect that we have the right of way, and are content to permit South Carolina to enjoy her unenviable fame as a centre of political cyclones.

The correspondence of which the foregoing are detached excerpts written many years ago, would have been valueless only for what subsequently transpired in the South. Here from actual observation the state and sentiment of the South on disunion are portrayed six years before the adoption of the Act of Secession, also the no uncommon example of a northern man domiciled in the South embracing extreme southern fire eating sentiments.

The accomplished Albert Hendrickson—the companion, the schoolmate and the friend born at Hempstead South, was lost in the vortex of the Civil War. He embraced the cause of the South against his country and passed entirely out of sight, we never heard of him after the first gun on Sumter.

CHAPTER XVI

DAN LANE.—SELAH LANE, MORMONS.—INDIAN SUMMER.—FOSSIL MASTODON.
Sunday, May 11, 1856.



E shall now turn back to March 6, 1856, to pick up a dropped stitch, or enter, as the lawyers say *nunc pro tunc*, an event made significant by knowledge subsequently obtained.

On March 6, 1856, there was a fearful snow storm extending along the coast of the Middle and Eastern States and the weather was extremely cold, the thermometer reaching ten degrees below zero. At that time we were occupying a cottage in the City of Brooklyn adjacent to a similar one occupied by Captain Dan Lane, a Sandy Hook Pilot.

On, or about the first of March last Captain Lane went to sea on the "Sylph," one of the stanchest pilot boats belonging to the Sandy Hook fleet and of which he was Captain. They were caught in that great storm of March 6, and no tidings of any kind up to the present have been received of the boat or crew. No doubt now exists of their having been lost. Special volunteer crews were organized and sent out to cruise for the missing vessel; every effort was made to obtain some tidings of the fate of the unfortunate boat, but in vain. Everybody but Mrs. Lane now believes that the boat and crew perished in that great storm. Mrs. Lane insists that the Captain is still alive and will some day return. She never hears her door-bell ring that she is not startled and never opens her front door except in expectation of being confronted by her husband. She builds up a hope that he may have been picked up by some outward bound vessel and carried to a foreign port and has not yet had time to be heard from. Slender hope which is fading away day by day.

Dan Lane was more than an ordinary pilot. He was more than an ordinary man. He had qualities which gave him a high rating as an honorable man, a man of great merit in and out of his profession, and his loss has been deeply deplored by a large circle of personal and club friends.

Young Lane had but little of the society of his father in his youth, who, however, had managed to give the boy a university education. In early manhood he was of delicate health and was permitted through friends to experiment in the life of a pilot.

The sea life afforded him relief of which he finally became enamored and adopted the pilot branch of it as a profession. As this is not an

obituary we refrain from further extolling his many good qualities known to us. He became a factor in these reminiscences in being a native of Greenwich or Rum Point, Hempstead, L. I., and the son of Selah Lane, a noted Mormon preacher and prophet at the above place.

Mormonism was an insipient institution and had not developed a creed when the elder Lane espoused and embraced Joe Smith as the great prophet. Lane preached, prophesied, spoke in an unknown tongue, and healed the sick by the laying on of hands. He advocated the establishment of a great Mormon Commonwealth, a New Jerusalem, a Zion in the far West probably before Joe Smith had conceived that idea. He and Brigham Young were the moving spirits in the theory of a great exodus to the West.

Young was frequently at the house of Lane at Greenwich Point which was known as The Temple, and this was the original idea of the great Temple. Lane moved into this house in the early part of 1830, the same year in which the Book of Mormonism was published, of which Lane does not seem to have had much if any knowledge. He called his "The Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints." Many proselytes were made to the creed in this section. In 1831, about 1,000, principally proselytes through Lane's preaching settled in Rutland, Ohio. Lane followed in 1833. Captain Dan Lane was but a youth then.

In 1837, the Mormons moved to Nauvoo, Illinois, laid out a great city and built a temple. At this time the communicants in America and England numbered one hundred thousand.

In 1847 they again removed and laid out another great city in Utah. At this period the communicants of Mormonism numbered about two hundred thousand, since which time, it has increased enormously.

Selah Lane whose active and fertile brain furnished a great deal of the original literature of Mormonism in its early stages, was a man of finer texture than any of the early Mormon propagandists, Hiram Smith, Orson Pratt, Sidney Rigdon, Brigham Young. These men were coarse and vulgar. Lane had refinement and learning, and it is a mystery how he could have had the effrontery to insult common sense in advocating Mormonism.

When Joe Smith died in 1844 at Nauvoo, Brigham Young succeeded to the Seer and Apostolship of the Saints.

Among those who left this section of Long Island were many respectable citizens, Jesse Pettit and sons and families, Ephraim Pettit and family, Mrs. Eliza Rhodes, Thomas Doneger, Amos Raynor, Jothan Smith and family, Ira Pettit and many others left for the Land of Promise preached by Lane.

Saturday, July 5, 1856.

Yesterday, visited New York City for a dual purpose to witness a genuine Fourth of July ovation by young America. The other for the purpose of being present at the ceremonies of the dedication of the bronze equestrian statue of Washington at Union Square. This statue was intended to stand on the very spot where the citizens of New York received General Washington on his entering New York on Evacuation Day, November 25, 1783. The First Division State Militia paraded; the Free and Accepted Masons and some other civic societies were in review. The oration was delivered by Dr. George W. Bethune. The day was agreeably and profitably spent.

Monday, November 9, 1857.

Nothing known, or described as weather in the English language can excel in loveliness a genuine Long Island Indian Summer day. We have observed and enjoyed for years this season with its cloudless sky, its hazy horizon and its languor inspiring atmosphere, but never before felt an impulse to record its glories.

Tuesday, November 10, 1857.

Another—This is the tenth of those not enlivening, but days of physical inertness. Only fifteen days ago to-day it seemed that winter had been summoned, had responded, and had actually commenced its reign equipped for the season.

The weather was frosty and nipping with slight sleet and snow. The hoarse northwest wind had stripped the leaves from the oaks and hickories and scattered them over the fields. The crows and blackbirds had held their conventions to vote upon moving. The crows voted to stay and the blackbirds a noisy group by acclamation postponed their departure for another cold snap. The huge corner fireplace in the living and dining-room of the old homestead was dismantled of its summer floral decorations, the brass andirons were wheeled into line for service, a great back log was put on and in a few minutes the hearth was ablaze with a crackling fire which sent cheer and comfort to the remotest corner of the room. All this was on the 25th October and now here we are to-day, November 10th, in the midst of a glorious Indian Summer unlike any other season of the year.

The sweet-scented salt bearing south wind has returned and waltzes with the dead fallow leaves of October's strewing.

Indian Summer seems like a new resolve of nature, a sober second thought to fulfil a violated contract and the bright fiery sun comes back reluctantly and apologetically, he has a kindly look and no longer dazzles our eyes out, but with a softness in his face as if blushing for his conscious inconstancy.

Here we are to-day sitting by an open window the air like that of June while a few days ago we were shivering in perihelion to freezing

in the chimney-corner. The dazzling brightness of the sun is modified by a veil of azure gray atmosphere. We saw his first brilliant flash as he burst above the horizon this morning. It was a beautiful sight, no pigment, no art could imitate his complexion as he grew into a big round red medallion, the haze through which his rays struggled bedimmed his glory, and we could look upon him squarely in the face and at our leisure as he came up slowly behind the trees, large enough to cover ten acres of Tom Carman's farm.

Nowhere else could you witness such glory in a sunrise and nowhere else in the world do they have such faultless Indian Summers as on Long Island.

We have now had ten days of this incomparable hazy weather, no snow, no frost, no rain and not a cloud flecks the sky, and all this immediately succeeding a period of cold, sleetly, snowy, northeast weather, than which nothing yielding to atmospheric effects could be more comfortless and soul chilling, the last ragged edge of which inclemency, however, disappeared, bound south down the coast to be thawed out at Cape Hatteras.

This last spell of pinching weather which we have described, the old folks say was the "Squaw Winter," which comes a little before the first of November and without which we can have no "Indian Summer," says the old tradition and due respect must be accorded to respectable old age.

There are people, however, who ridicule the notion of an Indian Summer as fabulous, but I tell you Indian Summer is no myth as a purely Long Island institution. Take the weather reports of a hundred years back for this locality and compare them. No system of fable or mythology will explain why there is not a greater difference in the thermal conditions of October and November, or why the latter should so often average a higher thermometer than the former on any other theory than that of the immutability of law.

When seasons, or periods are so well defined, as in our latitudes and where climatic changes occur with semblance of so much regularity, there are but slight opportunities for airing the sagacity of the "weather wise," or to speculate upon "probabilities," or to send in messages of the weather department from their large stock of remnants always on hand at the bureau, and who from omens of present weather gauges, prognosticate an early or late, long or short, severe or mild winter, or a short, hot and dry summer. Such can have no status in their efforts to degrade so respectable and antiquarian an institution as the Long Island Indian Summer.

Long Island Autumns are of themselves conventionally genial and enchanting seasons, but there is a particular period in this fall, or autumn which comes too regular and is too pronounced to be accidental in the procession of the seasons. It comes in the latter part of October, or the first of November and covers a period of from five to twenty days, and has characteristics wholly its own.

Now what is the query, or is there any assignable cause for the peculiarly warm and balmy weather sandwiched between a Squaw Winter (a cold frosty unseasonable snap in October) and the true winter, the reign of ice and snow. To assign a cause we admit our impotency, but we do know that Indian Summer comes and that it is never served on ice.

The Spring of the year has no season corresponding to the Indian Summer of November. Why the Indian has been coupled with this typical season is also unsolved with us except its remote relation in a legend of the Algonkins, as follows:

A great Manitou, son of the West Wind who traveled over the earth and each fall visited the country of his people the Algonkins to see how they were getting along rested himself on a mountain and had a great smoke which settled down upon the hillsides, plains and valleys and caused the beautiful haze which characterizes Indian Summer.

The itinerant Algonkin like the crows and blackbirds never struck a summer wigwam, or went into winter quarters until the son of the West Wind had left the mountain top. And there is a white man's proverb more ancient than the Weather Bureau at Washington, "that if you don't get Indian Summer in the Fall you may look out for it in the Winter." And notwithstanding the vast expenditure of caloric to prove that there is no such season, the entire white population of Long Island ages ago adopted the Indian proverb into a catalogue of their adages, for according to the old Indian tradition, "If the son of the West Wind don't come in November he will come in January," and statistics sustains it. The Quakers brought no whims, or any tales, or weather bureaux with them when they came to Long Island, yet this tradition was common with them "after a fall freeze lookout for a January thaw."

Be the history of Indian Summer what it may, all welcome it when it comes and everybody knows the genuine from the spurious without it being tagged or labelled. And even the migrating animals (many of them) never break up housekeeping in our latitudes for the frosts of October knowing instinctively that mild weather follows the Squaw Winter.

The dreamy blue haze which softens the atmosphere of Indian Summer is too characteristic of the season to be misunderstood, even by the migrating animals, for as soon as the November frosts appear they are off in a moment.

It was in our early colonial days when attention was first directed to this peculiar season and our ancestors believed that the blue haze of Indian Summer in the atmosphere was smoke which came from the burning forests and prairies of the West, or from other burning forests, but familiarity with the burning forests and becoming better acquainted with the peculiarities of Indian Summer this theory gradually faded away and is now entirely abandoned.

It has been said that scientists have gone so far as to maintain that the peculiarities of this season is the result of minute animal life in the atmosphere so minute as to escape microscopic detection, others thought it to be of vegetable origin, but a far greater number of people say it is haze, and any fool knows what haze is, and the populace is right.

The nebulosity of the atmosphere has a very enervating effect upon the human system, but our most recent experience is that the brute creation is unaffected by it. A thieving mush-quash with a back load of plunder was nimble enough, in spite of the atmosphere to escape unharmed a volley from our Holmes and Wesson at a distance of not more than forty feet. And there is on the meadow more than usual activity among the birds. The blackbirds down *the neck* are boisterous and show no languor. They are manifestly happy, active and noisy with no signs of atmospheric depression.

Wednesday, November 11, 1857.

What a glorious day was yesterday? What a change to-day?

The sun arose this morning in a pale white sky. The wind is crispy and from the northwest. Indian Summer is over. There is a stampede of migrating birds and Jack Frost will begin his arbitrary reign to-morrow.

Monday, July 12, 1858.

The bones of a Mastodon indicating an animal of enormous size were discovered in a bed of quicksand in Nostrand's pond, L. I., (one of the sources from which Brooklyn is to be supplied with water), on Friday last by the workmen who are engaged there. Messrs. Brevoort and Lefferts of the Water Commission being apprised of the fact made an examination and concluded that the bones of the entire animal were there and have taken necessary precautions to prevent them being carried away in pieces as many of the parts of a similar fossil found in Baisely's Pond some time ago had been carried away by the workmen and others under the illusion that they were of great value. A guard has been placed over the remains of the Nostrand pond and they will probably be exhumed intact.

Notwithstanding the assurances of Mr. Brevoort, who is a scientific man, this find should be received with much caution until further developments. Quicksand is no place for Mastodon bones.

"The Brooklyn Eagle," says: The statement in some of the New York papers that the lately discovered relics on the Brooklyn Water Works, instead of being the bones of a Mastodon turns out to be the remains of a petrified tree, is a wrong statement altogether. Whether the remains alluded to are those of the ancient monster, supposed, or not, they are certainly the bones of some huge animal. Everything is uncertain about them and is yet to be definitely settled. The bones were struck upon digging through the muck of a pond on the line of the open

canal about three miles southeast of Jamaica and not in any of the water ponds which have been erroneously named as the location of the discovery. The condition of the place where they lie, (a semi-mass of liquid mud, water, refuse &c. of great depth and very hard to work at), make it at present impossible to have an examination of them. But in preparing for the canal the pond will shortly be drained and then we will learn more satisfactorily what the remains are.

Already, however, a sufficient number of samples have been taken to prove that some creature of immense size has there decayed. The remains extend over a length of fifty feet. Parts of what unquestionably have been large bones, and are so pronounced by naturalists, have been taken out from the mass which is far gone in decay. It is not unlikely that a careful examination of the whole deposit would indicate that some of these were the remains of some large marine animal. That indeed is the suggestion of one scientific individual of Brooklyn by whom the bones have been inspected.

No effort will be made at the present age of the world to disprove the theory that animals of monstrous size in past ages traversed the breadth of the American Continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The many remains of the mastodon found in New York, New Jersey and at intervals the entire breadth of the Continent is a sufficient confirmation of the existence of such monsters in great numbers.

Did these huge proboscidians roam over Long Island? What are the evidences of their existence here? Bones of the mastodon have been found in many places on Long Island, but no skeletons to our knowledge have been found here in complete condition, but detached and isolated bones have been found in great numbers, and which it appears to us must have been deposited near where found. There are two methods by which these bones could get to Long Island. One by the animal perishing here on the spot where the bones were found, or that the bones were brought here by water, that is to say,—by floods. The latter seems to be quite preposterous.

Some years ago in digging for the purpose of draining a muck bed at Cedar swamp, Merrick, the workmen struck a hard substance, on removing which to dry land was discovered to be vertebra of some monster, other bones were found, the under-jaw. An audience was not long in collecting. Some of the wise old fellows for which every country neighborhood is noted, pronounced the bones those of a whale, and everybody who knew no better accepted the verdict, until Dr. Wheeler came along and looking at the bones, said they belong to a land animal of immense size. That he was four-footed and his food was vegetable. The Doctor's definition was received with confidence. The bones after a short exposure began to crumble and although nearly a one horse wagon load of them were taken from the muck they soon crumbled to fine earth.

From a critical examination of the premises it has been determined that this swamp is the remains of an old beaver pond, the water of which has been considerably raised by the dam, and that the growth of vegetation had given it a surface of solidity and left a morass of considerable depth under the tangle of surface vegetation. It was the reclamation of this swamp that led to the discovery.

At the time of the above entry we had made no research for information concerning fossils on Long Island. The above came to hand inadvertently, but since, we have heard of a great number of finds, of which we failed to make notes and which would seem to put the matter beyond all reasonable doubt that the mastodon in pre-glacial times roamed over Long Island. But that no complete skeletons have been found here indicates a condition different from that existing in Orange County, New York, and in many places in New Jersey where they have been found entombed in mass. Whether great floods have swept over Long Island and carried away the material which covered the remains and scattered their bones while in the other localities named they have remained undisturbed is probably the question to be answered.

The disappearance of this now extinct mammal some time probably during the age of man has elicited a great amount of inquiry among scientists and the curious. We know of no minutely detached account of the surroundings of the mastodon as found in his burial place, and yet even within the State of New York there has been discovered thirteen in various stages of decay, some almost complete. The most perfectly described (unscientific) exhumation of the mastodon was that by the writer on the fifth July, 1879, and subsequent days, fully reported in the papers of that period and more minutely described in a paper read by the writer before the Philosophical Club. This animal was found at Little Britain, Orange County, New York, on the Kelly farm, and the remains are now in the American Museum of Natural History.

The description of the find and the process of exhumation attached to the remains in the museum is too vague and brief

to satisfy even the ordinary inquiries. The paper read by us which we believe is still extant fairly described every stage of the disentombment with the surrounding strata; also some speculations on the probable age and causes which led to its entombment. The description given in this paper, read before the Philosophical Club, will answer for all the finds in the country where the remains have been undisturbed since burial. The many detached bones of the mastodon found on Long Island have probably been washed from their burial place and scattered about the country by glacial or other currents.

CHAPTER XVII

TRAILS AND ROADS.—GATES AND BARS.—LONG ISLAND INNS.—HEMPSTEAD A PORT OF ENTRY.—THOMAS TREDWELL.

Monday, October 11, 1858.



NOTHER devastating fire among the pines of Long Island. These fires seem annually to ravage the forests on the east end of Long Island and while the experiences of former years have warned the inhabitants to have every precaution taken to avoid the repetition, yet they come annually, but they are less frequent and less destructive than formerly, owing probably to the fact that the inflammable territory has been nearly burned over; consisting of hundreds and hundreds of acres, and thousands on thousands of cords of good pine wood destroyed.

How these fires originate is an unsolved problem. A long continued drought preceding the fire is no doubt a great auxiliary after the fire has begun. The farmers charge them to the Long Island Railroad and the railroad charge them to incendiaryism. Not many years ago so frequent and so destructive were these fires that settlers refrained from locating in places within the possible fire district, with the result that the wooded interior portion of the island remains to this day without a population, a wilderness.

It would now seem too late to put forth superhuman efforts to stay the ravages after the work of destruction is so nearly completed, but, unless it is done who can say that the Long Island forests will not be totally destroyed. Of little avail apparently are all ordinary precautions as learned by past experience.

In the early ages of the country it was necessary in order to clear land for cultivation to first burn off the encumbering forests. This is no longer necessary, prudent or profitable. The forests are now the most valuable of the land owners possessions.

A gentle easterly wind now prevails and the air thick to suffocation with smoke which half obscures the sun.

These fires have destroyed not only forests and crops, but farm-houses and frequently entire villages with loss of life. It is reported that several small farmers located in the woods in the interior have been driven from their homes by the present conflagration.

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Wednesday, November 10, 1858.

One interesting peculiar social feature of the south side of the Town of Hempstead which has specially interested us, is the structure of its roads and their relation to colonial days. Nearly all the trails or paths under Indian regime (now roads) from the outlying English settlements at Hempstead South, lead directly to the mother colony of Hempstead, also a centre during Indian supremacy. We anticipate that a careful inspection of these roads will confirm an origin co-equal with the earliest occupation. One glance at the early town plans show that the general direction of the roads or trails is northward, and that they all converge at the Village of Hempstead. And that they exist to-day substantially as they did in colonial days. Originally they were simply trails, the most important of which have passed through the stages, or degrees of paths, lanes, roads, highways, turnpikes, etc., as occasion required, or public necessity demanded.

But from the early trails, or paths, designated by marked trees and by slight clearings of the brush and thicket for a passage to the modern turnpike, or coach road, or avenue is a long and tedious evolution. In the earliest times no stream was bridged, no hill graded and no marsh drained.

The Indian trails or paths not well defined at first to the white man, became more distinct and better known by use as travel increased. Finally wheels appeared upon them, merchandise was transported over them, years brought the stagecoach, the most luxurious traveling equipage in the world within our memory.

There is no system of chronology or order in the development of roads. Where the population increased by natural growth the roads also grew in importance. When we see a post road or turnpike running through a country we some way look upon it as a trunk road and that all other roads or highways connect with it as tributaries. This is not correct. The roads and highways were in use first and they it were that made the post road and turnpike a necessity.

A trail marked by blazed trees represents the aboriginal period, unfenced paths through forests and openings represent Indian and early white settlers, intersecting roads, agricultural or mercantile necessities, turnpikes and post roads represent the luxurious age of private equipage with inns at intervals and a traveling people.

In the Dutch settlements on the west end of Long Island these primeval ways were called cow paths. The English called them horse or bridal paths. Fulton Street in the City of Brooklyn from the East River to Bedford, this trail extended to the Indian settlement of what is now the Village of Hempstead. There was also the Canarsie Path, and the path also extending to Midwont, Flatlands and Gravesend. They were indicated by blazed trees usually on the left side of the path.

We have no well-defined geographical limits to the territory termed Hempstead South in this diary. It may be said, however, to be bounded

by the plain-edge or the foothills on the north, by the Atlantic Ocean on the south, Kings County on the west, and no definite boundary on the east. The Indians occupying this territory at the advent of the English were the Canarsies, Rockaways, the Merikos and the Massapequas, Wantaghhs and the Montauks. These tribes by their own act, the effect of which they thoroughly understood, extinguished all their claim to the territory by deed of conveyance of Old Rockaway, Rockaway, East Rockaway, Cow Neck, Foster's Meadow, Christian Hook, Hick's Neck, Coe's Neck, Raynor's Neck, Fort Neck, Seaman's Neck, Merrick and Wantagh.

The settlers of all these localities extending eastward indefinitely were English, or of English descent, and came from New England to Hempstead, which latter place appears to have been the central or radiating point.

The local government was a pure democracy. All laws were enacted by the people at the town meetings at Hempstead, which was also a church and traffic centre, wampum being the earliest purchasing medium.

The old Village of Hempstead still has an English air about it. The architecture of the old buildings, the shade trees, the quiet of the quaint old streets are characteristics eminently maintained in the old part of the village.

Within the period of our memory the business streets of Hempstead on Saturdays were scenes of animation and bustle. They were lined with wagons from miles around the country in all directions, particularly the south, and every horse post in the village had its tenant. Saturday was a great shopping and market day. This was eminently an English custom. The village square was crowded with wagons of the south siders filled with fish, clams, a great variety of game and other products of the Great South Bay. These saline luxuries being in great demand by the dwellers of the interior.

As before stated all the roads out from the early settlements on the south side and the necks led directly to Hempstead, and they so exist to-day, very little change has been made in the location or general direction of these plantation paths or roads since their establishment, most of which are developments from the old Indian trails.

The earliest means of transportation from one place to another was by the horse trail and on horseback. Our grandmothers went shopping on horseback. Kaigy Rainer's wife, Phebe, is said to have been the first woman who traveled by land from Raynor's Neck to New York, and she followed the Indian path on horseback.

Horses were introduced prior to 1664. Wheeled conveyancing followed, and stagecoaches were introduced soon after the beginning of the eighteenth century. Traveling on horseback continued a fashionable necessity until late in the century.

In the absence of records, or of other positive information on the subject, we suspect and there are corroborating facts that the first roads for common use in the Town of Hempstead were those leading from the necks to the Village of Hempstead, and that they were used for such communication long before any system of east and west roads was constructed. As confirmatory of this theory we would direct attention to the old south side inns as existing now and formerly—all of which were located on the south side main east and west road, and certainly were not established until an east and west travel rendered them necessary and demanded them. But they were all located on a crossroad—that is, where the South Road (east and west) crossed by the road to Hempstead. Neither the roads nor the taverns were accidents. Either the taverns were located upon the roads, or the roads were located for the taverns, the latter of which is highly improbable.

All the inns were built and equipped for the entertainment of travelers, "man and beast," horse and rider, and all the old-time inns which have survived to our day were commodious structures, some of which date back to the very beginning of travel on Long Island more than 100 years ago.

At the close of the eighteenth century the Patchogue, Islip, Babylon and Amityville stages traveled the South Road, and taking into account the number of people who traveled on horseback and with their own private conveyances which were then just becoming fashionable in the country the travel must have been considerable. Private turn-outs were considered a great luxury. One of these old vehicles was for years stored away in the back of our wagon house a monument of decay.

The arrivals at these inns must have been very frequent and the demands for accommodation for "man and beast," consequently great. From Babylon to New York a man would require two meals and a horse one, and these must be furnished by the inns.

The author of the old Journal found in my father's house and from which we have heretofore quoted in these reminiscences stated that in 1784 and earlier, then considered a far advanced age in facilities for travel, the writer by taking, "The Flying Machine Route," a stage-coach line from Amboy, N. J., performed the journey from Hempstead to Philadelphia in a little short of three days and returned in three more. This journey involved five lodgings and eighteen meals, averaging one shilling and six pence each. The above was the best equipped route in the country of the period.

This extract shows the great necessity for inns and also the vast amount of patronage necessarily bestowed upon them. The same journey may now be performed taking breakfast at home (Hempstead) returning the same day. One meal in restaurant, supper at home same day and no inn in it.

The earliest route of the English settlers of Queens and Suffolk Counties to and from the island to the mainland (i. e., the continent)

was over Long Island Sound to some point in Connecticut and this continued to be the route pretty generally used until after the Revolution. Washington came to Hempstead by this route and he came into Hempstead on horseback.

It is a fact well known that all the south part of the Town of Hempstead was studded with well-equipped farms under a high state of cultivation, while the middle island or a strip between the south side and the plain edge was wilderness, and the retreat in early times of wild ferocious animals, a terror to the planter. And the roads still pass through a great deal of swamp and forest and uncultivated lands, the remains of this forest now occupied in numerous cases by squatters.

This middle forest on the southerly half of Long Island began at the Narrows at the extreme western end of the island in Kings County and will be one of the noblest features of the proposed Prospect Park, Brooklyn. The notorious Howards Woods between Brooklyn and Jamaica is a part of the same system of forest and was infested by thieves and highwaymen rendering it unsafe to travelers unaccompanied. Farmers were held up and robbed there almost weekly up to within a recent period, and it is not without its terrors yet.

This belt of woods extended through Queens County and it is a marked feature of the county to-day. In the Town of Hempstead this strip of territory lies between the southern settlements and the plain edge. Much of it is still a source of wealth to the town.

At Raynortown or Washburns Neck, an inn stands upon the ground where the first Edward Raynor built the first house at this place. Inns were the great necessity, whether the traveler, tourist, or itinerant went by stage, private conveyance or on foot. The inn had all to do with making his journey possible. As a rule the Long Island innkeepers were a type of the English innkeepers and were always the leading and influential men in the community as well as men of character, and from their impact with strangers they were kept well informed upon all subjects of public interest.

A structural feature in all of the neck paths or roads or lanes is the bars or gates where they open into main or crossroads. Old people remember when they were common on all the lanes and paths, in fact, some of them are extant to-day. We remember when a boy they were on nearly all of the neck roads and were required to be closed by every person passing through under penalty of law.*

* July ye 3d, 1667.

It is ordered and agreed of By the Constable and overseers that for All Gattes and Loose Bars About ye towne. If any P'son or persons shall goe through the Gattes or bars Afore Mentioned Every such Inhabitant or any other person, yett Not with stand if they y'm find open they shall shut or Close them upon ye penaltie of five shillings upon very such Default and one Witness shall Bee Athentick provided 16 years of age or upward and the fine shall be paid to him or her that Complains. And Every one that makes use to Open them or lett them Down shall shutt y'm up Again upon the penalty. Above Specified.

A gate was maintained at Merrick just west of the residence of Doctor Wheeler at the head of a lane leading down the neck. A road or highway beginning at the extreme foot of Washburns or Rainer's Neck runs northerly through a thickly settled neighborhood and crosses the main road at the Raynor's Inn, and continuing still northerly and northwesterly connects with the Merrick Turnpike at Rum Point, now Greenwich Point, and thence directly to the Village of Hempstead. The Merrick Turnpike is the connecting road of Merrick and Wantagh with Hempstead.

Next westerly of the Raynortown Neck Road was the Coes Neck Road which led directly to Hempstead. Next west comes the territory known as Hicks Neck, which is an elongation of the mainland into the Great South Bay, lying between Parsonage Creek and Christian Hook on the west, and the Hicks Neck or Tredwell's Creek and Coes Neck on the east, having a width of upland east and west of something less than a mile, and in length north and south from Scootuck (Bethel) to the Hempstead Bay of about three miles. When the English settlements commenced upon this territory it was completely covered with forests.

Hicks Neck was begun an irregular straggling settlement dating back to the earliest days of the colonization of the town in 1650 and now consists of about 160 houses or dwellings. The settlers located upon the principal paths or lanes running north and south, but without order. These lanes are intersected at convenient intervals by other local lanes leading east and west. All the lanes were kept closed by bars or gates at their junction or outlet into the main south road.

Lott's Inn at the head of the lane leading to Lott's Landing was another of these comfortable old Long Island inns as we remember it when a boy. It was a large commodious house and was sustained largely by the local trade incident to the traffic of Lott's Landing, Port of Hempstead, and its reputation as a sportsman's house, and its good bay fare and bay privileges, shooting and fishing. We remember well the neatly sanded floor of the barroom done up to a pattern. The bright pewter table furniture, although passed out of commission, yet racked up in the kitchen for display, and the great quantities of shining tinware displayed from the dairy room and strung along the picket fence. The furniture of the old house was quaint. We remember the high-back rush-bottomed chairs arranged in stiff order around the parlor or reception room.

There were no glaring notices posted at the threshold of your apartment cautioning you to "Beware of Pickpockets." "Bolt your door before retiring." "Deposit your valuables in the safe, or the proprietor will not be responsible for loss." There was no need for such pre-

cautionary measures here. We doubt if there was a serviceable lock or bolt in the house.

Passing through a gate in front of this inn we enter an unfenced road running southeasterly about a quarter of a mile to Lott's Landing. This place has a history.

The coincidences of events which contribute to the rise and development, or the decline and final extinction of business locations, are no more forcibly traced in large federations, rich and powerful communities than in the simple hamlet or borough.

The same or similar causes lead up to consequence or greatness in the one as in the other, and the same or similar causes contribute alike to diminution and decay. The spot which marks a former habitation, or ruined hamlet, or deserted settlement, the diverted traffic of business centers, if only the junction of two roads or crossroads awaken in us a feeling of sadness, loneliness, always accompanied with the sentiment of mutability, decay and death.

These were our thoughts on meditating over the marvelous transformations at Lott's Landing since our childhood days; no political revolutions, no great scientific problems are involved here. It is simply one of ceased to pay under new environments.

Lott's Landing (Port of Hempstead) at one period was a thriving business center for the brick and lumber trade and general transportation. As we remember it in our boyhood it was a busy bustling locality. Not a vestige of its former significance now remains.

S. C. and I. Snedeker, general merchants of Hempstead Village, maintained a large brick and lumber depot here. The ground about the dock was covered with brick and lumber sheds of considerable extent. This business had been a growth from small beginnings. The transportation business began with the settlement of the country.

The Snedeker firm owned several vessels engaged in the transportation of lumber from Albany and other points and brick from Haverstraw and New Brunswick. This business gave employment to a great many of the working population of the place, and the docks at all times presented a lively and businesslike appearance. Building material was supplied to all the adjoining country for miles around. But the greater bulk of these goods was carted to the Village of Hempstead, the principal distributing depot. In this service many teams of oxen were employed, and in all seasonable weather were kept constantly engaged in hauling lumber and brick from the dock to Hempstead, one boy usually having charge of two teams.

At Lott's Landing (Port of Hempstead) during the palmy days of its prosperity, were at all times one or more vessels at its wharves unloading. We have seen six there at a time unloading at the two docks,

I, *Benj'n Fredwell*, Master of the
A. S. Regulator — do solemnly swear
 to the Truth of the annexed Manifest, and that to the best of my
 knowledge and belief, all the Goods, Wares and Merchandise of for-
 eign growth or Manufacture, therein contained, were legally import-
 ed, and the Duties thereon paid or secured. So help me GOD.

Sworn to this 10 day
 of Sept 1807. *Benj'n Fredwell*
M. Kearney

District of New York, — Port of New York.
Benj'n Fredwell Master of the *A. S. Regulator*
 of *Ramptead* having as the law directs to the annexed
 Manifest, consisting of ten Articles of Entry, and delivered
 duplicate thereof, permission is hereby granted to the said
Sir John to proceed to the port of *Ramptead* in the State of
New York.

Given under our hands at New York, this
17 Day of Sept 1807. *M. Kearney*

[SOLD BY PETER BURSELL NO. 10, WALL-STREET.]

MANIFEST of the Cargo, on board the *A. S. Regulator* —
 Burthen, 93 1/2 Tons, bound from New York —

Benj'n Fredwell Master,
Ramptead —

Marks and Numbers.	No. of Entries.	Packages and Contents.	Shippers.	Residence.	Consignees.	Residence.
1	One hundred &					
	ten board.					
2	Twenty five plank.					
3	Four Casks salt					
4	One Cb. flour					
5	One Cb. sugar		Master	on board	Master	on board
6	Two Hhds. Rum					
7	Three Hhds. Whisky					
8	One Reg. sp. st.					
9	a number of Watermelons					
10	One Cb. Apples					
<i>Item. Details</i>						

10 Sept 1807
Benj'n Fredwell

or waiting their turn to unload, and a long string of tradesmen's and other wagons taking their turn for goods from the vessels.*

A large portion of the bulky merchandise for the country stores about here, such as sugar, molasses, liquor, etc., was shipped from New York on these packets. All the country stores kept an assortment of gross wares, as bar iron, wagon tire iron, and all the supplies for wheelwrights, shipwrights, millwrights, blacksmiths, ship chandlery goods, as well as fertilizers and machinery for farmers reached the consumers by water.

The captains of these vessels were some of the most respectable of the people. Captain Henry Jackson, Captain John Jackson, Captain Daniel Bedell, Captain Joseph Johnson, Captain John Thomas, Captain Thomas Raynor, Captain Benjamin Tredwell and others. All this is changed; not a vessel now enters these ports; the docks have fallen into decay by disuse. The large country inn which flourished as an accessory of the traffic has long since been converted into a country boarding house, and the once lively dock is as silent as death, as near the condition in which the white man received it from the Indian as the imagination can conceive.

Now all this is not without a cause, or a combination of causes. In early times the beginning of transportation of goods was by water. It was cheaper and, in fact, the only means of transportation. Building material was furnished the builder in its rough state, and the entire structure was worked up by the mechanic from the rough timber as it came from the sawmill. A revolution took place on the invention of the planing machine and the clapboards for the exterior of the structure were prepared for use and other stuffs were tongued and grooved, as flooring. These were followed by supplying manufactured sash already glazed, and blinds for the entire house, only to be fitted. The above again were followed by ready-made doors, stairways, wainscoting, and in fact the house was made in the factory and had only to be put up on the grounds by the builder.

About this period of the innovation of machinery in building houses the Long Island Railroad was introduced as a competitor in transportation, and it was found that the manufactured goods being more compact could be carried by rail and delivered at the door, and the

* I have in my possession an original Manifest of the Cargo on board the Schooner "Regulator," of the burthen of 38 tons, Benjamin Tredwell master, bound from the Port of New York to Hempstead.

(Here follows a list of cargo sworn to by Benjamin Tredwell, September 10, 1808.)

Permit granting to said Schooner to proceed to Port of Hempstead in State of New York.

Given under our hand at New York this September 10, 1808.

JOHN KEANNY, G. C.
DAVID S. LYON, C. G. L., N. Y.
(D. M. T.)

storekeepers also could get their goods much sooner and as cheap by rail. Consequently, all transportation by water ceased.

Lott's Landing is in no sense a ruin. It has no interest for the antiquary. It simply ceased to live, its activity withdrew, went out of business and reverted back as near as may be to its primitive condition when first discovered by the white man.

Again reverting to the Hicks Neck Road, it continues northerly and crosses the main south road near the residence of Thomas Tredwell, at which junction there is an inn, thence direct to Hempstead.

The course of all the south side roads is in a line direct to Hempstead. They were first through necessity used to open communication between the south side and Hempstead, the mother colony, a service which they are as faithfully fulfilling to-day as then. These roads were never laid out by any authority, except that of necessity. They laid themselves out.

The next road westerly leading from the neck to Hempstead crosses the main road at the Baldwin's Inn, one of the most typical on the south road, large, commodious and of the pure English model. This road connects with the Hicks Neck Road last above named, about one mile north of the inn and continues along the line of the old path to Hempstead.

The next westerly road is from Christian Hook, which crosses the south road at the Jonathan Baldwin Tavern, and pursues a nearly direct course northerly to Hempstead.

The next westerly road, which also originates at Christian Hook, crosses the main road at Rockville Centre (upon which stands the Wiggin's Inn, a stage house) and runs direct to Hempstead.

The next westerly road originates also at East Rockaway, a trafficking port with considerable shipping trade. This road crosses the main road at Sand Hole at which a Temperance Inn is maintained by Dr. Sally DeMott; whence the road leads a northerly course to Hempstead and crosses the main road at the public house of Tredwell Pearsall and runs northeasterly to Hempstead. There are other roads both east and west of those named which terminate at Hempstead. One from Merrick on the east, and one from Far Rockaway and Hewlets Landing on the west.

The distance from Rockaway to Fort Neck, the west and east extremes, is about twenty-one miles, and is the periphery of a circle of which Hempstead is the center.

Friday, August 6, 1858.

This is one of the most memorable days in the history of the United States. Queen Victoria congratulated President Buchanan on the completion of the Atlantic cable. This congratulation passed through the cable. It was a transport over the whole country which no

ordinary event could create. Many accidents had happened to the cable in the process of construction and laying, but thanks to the perseverance and skill of Cyrus W. Field it is now an accomplished fact.

Wednesday, September 1, 1858.

The celebration of the opening of the ocean telegraph was one of the most unbounded enthusiasm. New York City from the Battery to the Crystal Palace was impenetrably thronged with spectators to the procession.

The procession was the finest ever seen in New York City. It far exceeded the Erie Canal or Croton Water Celebration to which New Yorkers refer with great pride as the greatest of civic festivals.

The speeches at the Crystal Palace by David Dudley Field, Captain Hudson, Cyrus W. Field, Captain Dayman and Mr. Everett were historically and scientifically interesting, and none of the addresses were tedious, containing as they did a vast amount of information viewing the benefits to be derived from this great work nationally, from the individual standpoint of some of the wisest men of the country.

The fireworks at the City Hall were the most brilliant ever seen in the city.

In Brooklyn the day was observed generally as a holiday, everybody having gone to New York. All places of business were closed, private residences were decorated with flags and streamers and mottoes, and in the evening were illuminated. It was a day of general rejoicing.

A salvo of 100 guns was fired from the government ships in the bay at 1.30 P. M. The procession moved from the Battery at 2.00 P. M.

Tuesday, April 12, 1859.

The shell heaps or Indian mounds on the south side of Long Island, so long the marvel of the native people, are beginning to attract the attention of scientists, several wise-looking individuals have been seen exploring them recently.

At present a corps of government or Smithsonian experts are engaged upon that work. No remarkable finds, however, have yet been reported as a reward of their efforts. Their search has been nearly fruitless of results of scientific value, except the determination that these accumulations of shells were the results of wampum manufactures, as this conclusion confirms all the traditions concerning their origin as well as the conclusion reached from an examination of their physical character, this may be said to be a decided advance inasmuch as it pretty conclusively determines the question of their origin.

We, however, shall probably have a detailed and exhaustive report from the government in the near future. In the meantime we will not anticipate its report.

Friday, May 6, 1859.

Attended the funeral of Thomas Tredwell, of Millburn.

Thomas Tredwell was born in 1778. He was the son of Benjamin Tredwell, a well-to-do farmer of the south side. It is uncertain if Thomas Tredwell's scholarship extended beyond that of Master Elison of the district school, who, however, had the reputation of a thorough teacher. It is quite probable that he did attend one or two terms the Academy at Jamaica. His love of literature later in life was indicative of an early training in that direction. He had behind him generations of thrifty, industrious, high-minded ancestors.

In early life he acquired the confidence of neighbors and townsmen, and was promoted to positions of honor and trust. He was a man of great personal magnetism. Prior to 1820 he was several times elected Supervisor of the Town of Hempstead. But his career as a public man may be said to have begun in his election to the Legislature of the State of New York for Queens County in 1819. To this position he was continuously elected until 1832, having as his associate member much of that time Hon. John A. King, of Jamaica.

Thomas Tredwell was just under the average stature, stout, brusque and with a wonderful flexibility of manner, courteous, not always of the Chesterfield studied order, but natural and graceful, probably rather profuse, but never offensive. His speech was marked by the same spontaneous frankness and candor, more remarkable for its gentleness, good sense and freedom from all vulgarity and offensiveness than for its strict compliance with the rules of Lindley Murray and which like his movements was quick, nervous and entirely without study or affectation. In his early life farming was not suited to his tastes, he was enamored of the sports and pursuits of the South Bay, and it was with deep regrets that he contemplated the final destruction of these bay products through wantonness and vandalism, unless stayed by the power of the legislation. He proposed and advocated stringent measures for the preservation of the game and products of the South Bay. Through his long service to the state and country he had the interests of his constituents continually at heart, and he introduced and secured the enactment of many laws, the tendency of which was the preservation of the fisheries of the south side of Long Island and to prevent the wanton destruction of game.

All this was duly appreciated by his constituents, the people of the south side whose principal means of sustenance were the treasures of the South Bay, and at the end of his last term in the legislature, a great mass meeting and clambake was given in his honor by the people of the county, especially those of the south side, at Baldwins Inn, at Hicks Neck. Three large tents were erected on the open in front of the inn, one each for Jamaica, Hempstead and Oyster Bay.

Thousands of people attended this great gathering and partook of the clam chowder dinner which was served in the tents. Benjamin

F. Thompson, of Hempstead, presided, and John A. King responded to one of the toasts. This was one of the great occasions of Queens County, entirely spontaneous, and independent of all party feeling, both Whig and Federalist freely mingled in the demonstration.

Thomas Tredwell's service in the legislature did not improve his financial condition, and he retired from office poor. The people of Queens County realizing this, he was nominated and elected Sheriff of Queens County, then the most lucrative office within their gift. This office he held for nine years. His son, Elbert, was elected for the second term, and Thomas becoming again eligible for the third term. On retiring from the office of sheriff he was in easy financial circumstances and he retired from all active business up to the time of his death at the age of eighty-two, which occurred on the third day of May, 1859, at the house of his son-in-law, Christopher Miller, in the City of New York.

An old resident and friend informed us that Thomas Tredwell injured his chances for political preferment by his association with Elias Hicks, Lucretia Mott, Lewis Tappan and other Quakers and abolitionists who were frequently entertained at his house. This is not likely to be true inasmuch as his election to sheriff seems to confirm the good opinion of the people for him. That he became an open abolitionist in the latter part of his life there is no doubt.

He was also with many others of the prominent men of Long Island a strong personal advocate of the admission of Long Island in the constellation of States of the Union. After summing up all the qualities which go to make a man respected and honored we believe no man aggregated higher than did Thomas Tredwell in the small sphere in which he was called upon to act. His warm attachments were not from great public achievements, his popularity did not arise from his advocacy of great questions of state, but to measures of practical benefit to the common people; and personal magnetism.

Thomas Tredwell was not a great man in the broad sense of heralded greatness, but of that greatness arising from unselfish devotion to the common welfare, in this he had few peers. His popularity was phenomenal among those who knew him personally.

Sunday, August 14, 1859.

We have just completed another pilgrimage to our favorite playground in the Great South Bay. Yesterday and the day before was spent at Fire Island, and returning called at Swift Creek to refresh our memory of a spot rendered sacred in being the site of an encampment held there six years ago. The spot was as comely and inviting as ever. Some physical changes have taken place in the creek and adjoining marsh. The currents have wrought inroads in the marsh which has been undermined and large masses of rocklike looking sods have fallen from the banks of the creek.

It is surprising with what persistence these masses of fallen turf resists the swirl of the currents and the never-ceasing ebb and flow of the tides. They are nearly as indestructible as granite. But this little spot of solid earth, less than an acre of redeemed territory, an oasis, an infringement in a wilderness of sloppy marshes, is not a sham attraction, it has been the choice camping ground for picnics, social parties, chowders and clambakes for a hundred years of English rule. It attracted the Algonkin and he admired and occupied it and left his indelible imprint there in the shell remains long before the white man came.

We remained only a few hours at Swift Creek (until flood tide set in), solacing ourselves in the meantime with the present prospect for fair weather for the next few days, and finding entertainment in watching the endless fleet of coasting vessels making their way, some east and others west, along the outside close under the beach with a good substantial full-sail breeze from the north. They will not all reach ports before dark, but the weather is fine and "probabilities" say will remain so for many hours to come, and then a night voyage has all the charms of a voyage in broad day light. Although fleets of coasters as great as the present have been dispersed and some lost without tidings on a sudden change to tempestuous weather.

We recall many pleasant reminiscences of our former encampment on this little knoll of solid earth amid miles on miles of unstable, salted marsh, and turn again and again to indulge a sentiment born of earlier days, a love for the unique and untamed beauty of the scene. We got under way for home at three o'clock with a strong flood tide and a strong headwind, and we are making these notes while under sail.

Tuesday, September 15, 1859.

Met father at Hempstead and attended a meeting of the Agricultural Society of Queens County.

An address was made by William H. Onderdonk. It was a very appropriate address. Met a great many acquaintances there, was introduced to Ananias Pratt and amused ourselves a long time with the genealogies of our two families in order to satisfy each other that we were related, which was not entirely satisfactory to either. We never took kindly to the subject of genealogy, although a member of the American Genealogical Society. We believe, however, in its great value and importance.

Wednesday, November 2, 1859.

The Indian summer has again come and gone. It set in earlier than that of two years ago and was less marked and of shorter duration, but unmistakable in character. The just-closed Indian summer, although short, was an ideal one. The air was balmy, the sun shown with subdued radiance, the atmosphere was languid and restful. As usual it fol-

lowed closely upon the heels of the Squaw winter. The contrast was heightened from the fact that the latter was unusually severe, and longer, the winds more blustering and the earth more sloppy than the average, but it closed on October 27th and the 28th was ushered in in full summer attire. It was the first day of Indian summer, and it continued up to and through yesterday, and now, November 2d, it is all over. The contrast was very great and the transition almost instantaneous from the Indian summer to the normal fall with its clear frosty northwest winds, and it has come to stay. Vegetation has yielded. The trees all save the oaks are naked of foliage. The canna, the salvia have succumbed and dropped flat to the earth. The great leaves of the castor bean are hanging on the stalks, a mass of brown rags. There is nothing now to look forward to but the pleasure indoors for the next four months. The outdoor pleasures are few and full of alloy.

Saturday, November 12, 1859.

Attended a meeting at the law office of Charles Condit, on Atlantic Street, Brooklyn, having for its purpose the organization of a Skaters' Club. There were present Ethelbert S. Mills, David B. Powell, Daniel F. Fernald, Charles Condit, Francis D. Mason, Charles Blossom, Abraham Lott, Daniel M. Tredwell, Edward D. White.

Mr. Treffenberg, who had had experience abroad and now of Philadelphia, laid before the meeting the form of organization and the method of operating The Page Skaters' Club of Philadelphia on the Schuylkill. He gave us his experience in similar organizations and showed the advantages of a combination of effort and action to secure a maximum amount of skating during a season.

The subject was discussed during the evening when an adjournment was had for one week. The second meeting resulted in the organization of the Nassau Skating Club with Abraham Lott president.

The club occupied the Steinbokkery on the farm of John Lefferts until 1866. This pond consisted of about ten acres and was located between the present Lincoln Road and Sullivan Street, Bedford Avenue running through nearly the middle of it.

CHAPTER XVIII

ELDER ISLAND.—NATURAL HISTORY.—ADMONITIONS FEATURE.—COPPER IN THE CLAM.

Tuesday, March 6, 1860.



ODAY closed an unusually long skating season on the Nassau Club Skating Pond at Flatbush. The diary shows that there have been fifty-six skating days, the greatest ever known in the history of club skating in this region.

Monday, July 23, 1860.

We have this day closed the preliminary arrangements toward the consummation of a long-cherished desire to spend a two or three weeks' vacation among the familiar scenes of our boyhood in the Great South Bay of Hempstead, Long Island, to visit and recall the association of localities once so dear to us, now barely recognized through physical changes consequent upon wearing down and building up processes of nature, to wander over the sand dunes of the south beach at our own calm deliberate will, to ramble upon the banks, or drift around the labyrinthian creeks and inlets, and to live a life free from all care, a kind of vagrancy for one month, regardless of office or shop.

The location and plans of an encampment had been mapped, compact signed according to the pre-arranged protocol of a few friends who were yearning for a season of like complete immunity from the tension of business life, from conventional propriety and the arbitrary restraints of good behavior and stagey decorum.

The parties to the agreement were Mr. McPeake, an actor of moderate repute and a companionable man, with one very pardonable weakness of believing that he was a "crack shot." Although his sporting experiences had been confined to upland small game.

Mr. Walton, a young lawyer who had formerly been a teacher. He is a scholar and has the possibilities of a brilliant professional career.

Mr. Lewis, a student, and although an unprofessional, and who has no distinguishing weaknesses that we are aware of. He is an amateur naturalist and an intelligent, unassuming companion.

Mr. Condit, a lawyer of Brooklyn, now in the flush of professional prosperity.

Dr. Buckley, of Cuba, now on his vacation north.

And three others who did not answer the first day's roll call.

We have a cook named Smith, who was chistened "Over" by Dr. Buckley in consequence of having fallen overboard before our boat left the dock. "Over," our caterer, is a good honest unpretending fellow on all subjects, except cooking, and in this art he has unpardonable conceit, although he is absolutely ignorant of the great professors of his craft. He has never heard of Apicus, Roqueplan, Brillat, Savarin, or the great entertainment of Talleyrand. His talent is local and entirely the result of experience, conceit and some good judgment. Dr. Buckley said his was an incurable case of hypertrophy.

We have secured a comfortable and safe vessel, sloop rigged with cabin shelter for our entire party in case of an emergency, belonging to Mr. Thomas, of Hicks Neck, an old friend and schoolmate who also accompanied us as one of our party and as supervisor. A very desirable man for such service in consequence of his perfect familiarity with the waters of the bay. He is called Captain in these reminiscences.

We also have another, an accessory whose business is to look generally after things and take the blame for everything that goes wrong, his name is Joe, the sloop caretaker, and he also assists the cook.

The above constituted the family as reported at my father's house on July 25, 1860. On consulting the Captain we learned that such was the state of the tides that by getting away early the next morning and taking the first of the ebb out it would save us six hours at least. So all agreed to an early bedtime and to be up and ready to start at one o'clock A. M. next morning, July 26th.

All our equipment had been put on board the boat, consisting of two tents, one to live in and one for stores, provisions, water, straw, cooking stove, wood for cooking and baking clams, cooking utensils, table furniture, rubber blankets; guns and fishing tackle were put on board at Lott's Landing where some of our party remained during the night.

We got an early start and reached our destination, Thursday, July 26th.

Thursday, July 26, 1860.

The spot selected for our encampment was a piece of high marsh about an acre in extent on the southwest corner of Elder Island in the Great South Bay. All around us for miles stretched a vast plain of shining green inlaid with a sinuous cordon of creeks. Our storage tent was first erected and a trench dug around it to insure drainage. Our dwelling, sleeping apartments were next constructed and a trench dug around the outside for the like purpose in the event of heavy rains. Next was a kitchen, in the architecture, material and construction of which "Over" was high priest.

The kitchen and dining-room, both open structures and adjoining, were covered with a stout awning as a protection against the sun and peradventure rain.

These things being completed, a safe harbor was found for our sloop on the south side of the island about 200 feet from our encampment, while the two skiffs were hauled upon the marsh, bottoms up and formed accessories to our hamlet which for all the world looked like an Eskimo settlement.

We named our settlement "Camp Elder." Elder Island is situated northwest from New Inlet about one mile, and is due north from that portion of Long Beach known as the Hummocks. On the north it is bounded by Sea Dog Creek.

Daniel Denton, of Hempstead, published a book in London in 1670 entitled "A Brief Description of New York, Formerly Called New Amsterdam." In speaking of the game of this division of Long Island embraced in this journal, he says: "Upon the south side of the island in the winter the store of whale and grampusse which the inhabitants bring with small boats to make a trade of catching to their no small benefit. Also an immeasurable number of seals which make an excellent oyle. They lie all winter upon some of the broken marshes and beaches or bars of sand and might be easily gotten were there some skillful man to undertake it." Hence Sea Dog Creek.

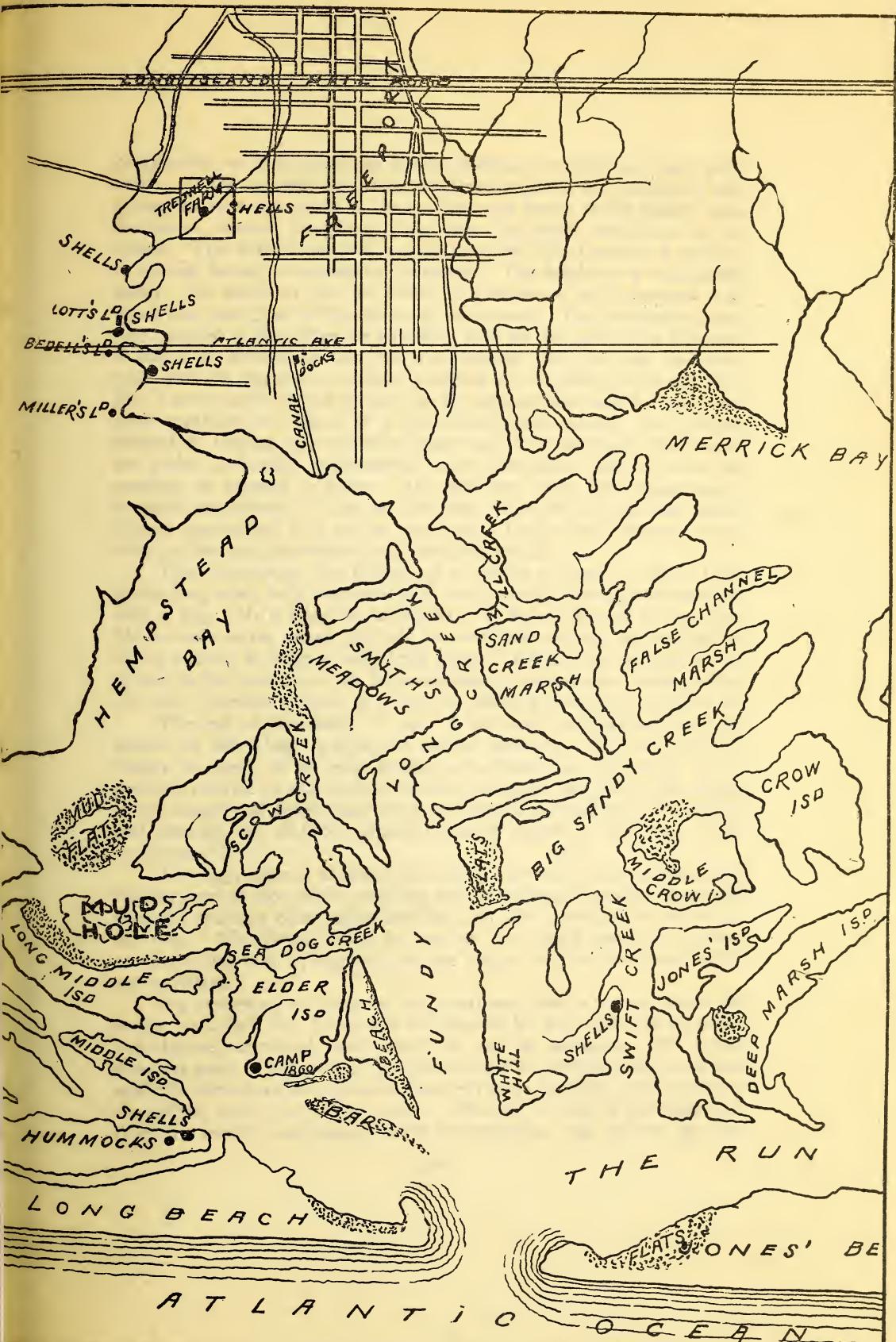
How our new selected home got its name of Elder Island we are unable to determine, unless from the number of elders growing upon it. A degenerate specimen still existing there which is probably the *Sambricus pubens* (Marsh Elder). This plant flowers in June. Consequently, we did not have the opportunity of seeing it in flower. There is another dwarf elder sometimes called *Danewort Sambricus ebulus*, which of these two varieties the stunted shrubs now growing on Elder Island belong to we forbear to decide.

Friday, July 27, 1860.

Three of our party who failed to connect on the 25th came into camp by special train this morning, viz.: A surf boat propelled by the sturdy effort of two fishermen.

Simultaneously with this second instalment of campers arrived the material for the construction of an emergency building or hut. This, when completed, furnished a very comfortable room nine feet by seventeen, with accommodations above the crossbeams for storing light things. This hut was considered good for any emergency and into which was stored our most valuable goods of every character, it being believed to be absolutely waterproof. It was indeed a unique structure. The only opening faced the south, except one in the top for ventilation. This completed our equipment, and we began to feel that we were sovereigns of the free territory of Elder Island.

An interesting incident noted in the Journal of today (July 27th) is too characteristic of the situation to be passed over in silence. Mr. Lewis who commenced the study of the natural history of Elder Island the moment he landed, had captured a real live horsefoot crab (*Lumulus*



MAP OF HEMPSTEAD BAY AND VICINITY

polyphemus, or king crab), of which, however, we shall say more presently. At the moment this entry was being made in the Journal he was giving his time and study to the customs and habits of the fiddler crab, *Gelasimus vocator* (pugilator), the only indigenous inhabitant of the island. This little crustacean was regarded by Mr. Lewis as a creature of infinite humor, a wonderful invention. The fiddler is a real double ender. He seems to have no choice of precedence, but locomotes with equal ease and grace with either end in advance. Our naturalist, however, assured us that when he advanced with his one great claw elevated, it was a declaration of war, but if advancing with the other end foremost and the aggressive weapon sheathed his intentions were peaceful. Mr. Lewis would stretch himself on his stomach and watch these queer little creatures for hours at a time, close their burrow and interest himself in teasing and provoking them and in seeing how they would act under a changed environment where hereditary instinct could not possibly be counted a factor. He said they were very ingenious in strategic movements. That at first they were shy of him and nearly always approached him on the warpath. They finally became reconciled to him and his methods and lost their shyness.

This crustacean, the fiddler, as a species of crab, is about three inches long when fully extended, with one powerful claw and nine smaller ones or legs. He is allied to the lobster, cray fishes, hermits, shrimps, etc. He burrows in the marsh, the hole into which he retreats on the slightest alarm is about as large as one's little finger. When he is cornered, or his retreat to his burrow cut off, he brandishes his great claw, his only offensive and defensive weapon in a most threatening and Hudibrastic style.

The eye of the fiddler is one of the most remarkable structures known in the whole category of animal anatomy. The two pairs of feelers in front of the eyes known as antenna and antenulea are of peculiar interest as examples of combined organs, for apart from acting in the capacity of feelers they seem to subserve the functions of smelling and hearing, the auditory apparatus being lodged at the base of the smaller pair.

The high ground of Elder Island was actually honeycombed with the burrows of these little creatures and in walking it seemed impossible to avoid crushing them under the foot, but they managed to get out of the way. Mr. Lewis while he was on the island spent the greater portion of his time in the study of the nature and habits of the fiddler and horsefoot.

On returning to camp in the afternoon from a tramp down the beach, we found Mr. Lewis had returned to his first love, the horsefoot crab before mentioned, with which he was in dalliance. Mr. Lewis does not seem to know how to enjoy himself at anything but work and while he came here for recreation and rest he is probably getting both to the fullest extent out of his work. Physical or mental inertness is a condition entirely antagonistic with his organism. He has for the first

time in his life been placed in the freest communication with that department of nature which most delights him, and of which all his knowledge heretofore was obtained entirely from books.

No dissent will be interposed to the statement of Mr. Lewis that of all crustaceans the horsefoot crab (*Limulus*) is the most interesting. He eats with his feet, and walks with his mouth. He has managed by hook or crook to reverse the general order of things and get his backbone on the outside of him. He has true gills like a fish and yet he has been known to have performed long journeys on land. Should he lose any of his members, as a leg, another will sprout in the place of it like the broken branch of a tree or cactus. He sheds his shell, or vertebra once a year. The horsefoot occurs on our coast from Maine to Florida, and in the West Indies. Also on the eastern shores of Asia. No examples have ever been found on the western shores of Asia or America.

He has a long line of ancestry. We trace his genealogy back to the lower Carboniferous and Silurian,—yea to the Cambrian periods. He is the only living representative of the *silurian trilobite*. In the coal measure there are eight species of limuloid crustaceans or trilobites and most of them of the American form.

Mr. Lewis has given us orally his account of these curious crustaceans, whose homes are in deep water, but in the spawning season they crawl upon the shore to spawn. They go in pairs. The male parasitic to the female. They come upon the sand bars during the flood tide and go back on the ebb. Not always, however; they sometimes remain, bury themselves in the sand and go out on the next tide. The female is twice as large as the male crab and she will lay 1,500 eggs per day for many successive days. The eggs are very small and occupy the whole space in the female between the carapace and the nervous organism. The eggs are deposited in the sand and are fecundated by the male after deposition and then left to hatch, which takes about two months. The spawning season is from May to August. The average sized horsefoot

adult female is about twelve inches across and about twenty-two inches in length, including the tail. The tail is bayonet shaped and is attached to the body by what is in effect a socket joint and can be moved in any direction. From a careful examination of the eye and optic nerve of the horsefoot crab, we have determined that he has but an obscured vision, that is able to distinguish between light and darkness, and indefinitely of mediate objects.

Formerly these crustaceans were taken in great numbers on the sandy bars in the Great South Bay, two or three hundred were not an uncommon catch at night when the tide suited. The farmers broke them up and fed them out to pigs and poultry.

It may be here said that a rigid classification of the limulus by some of our noble naturalists, Milne, Edwards, Darwin, Spencer, Bate, Packard and a few others has left the question whether he is crustacean or a scorpion unsettled.

Saturday, July 28, 1860.

My father, who was to supply our commissariat visited our camp bringing supplies of potatoes and a great variety of other vegetables and fruits with fresh meats; also pork and bacon. Of the latter, we used great quantities. "Over" garnished all his cooking, roast, broil, or stew, with pork, bacon, or sausages, and the absolute scorn with which he regarded the naturalists' theory of trichina in pork was nothing less than scientific blasphemy.

Pork, hog, sus-porcu has been a favored flesh by gormands from a great antiquity. Pliny speaks of hog flesh being served with fifty different flavors. Petronius mentioned a hog barbecue in which the carcass was filled with venison and fowls, another with thrushes. The sausages of Athens were considered a great luxury, and we have an account of Leo's sausages. They were filled with the flesh of peacocks and hog. And if the ancients who made strict investigation and experimented on the effect of various kinds of animal flesh upon the human constitution failed to make this great discovery, then like "Over" we are inclined to accept the status of the ancients who attest to the uniform good health of communities who consume vast quantities of pork with little, or no other animal food. So in consideration of the classical writers and classical eaters of antiquity we accept the deductions of "Over" and heed not the sensational cry of *Trichina Spiralis*.

We received to-day a curious missal, the purport of which is that we shall be expected to observe the Sabbath in an orderly Christian manner. This notice was accompanied by a list of Sabbath breaking things and the penalties therefor. Either some jealous natives per-adventure, who obtain their livelihood from gunning and fishing in the bay, regard us as invaders of their rightful domain and prerogatives, or some over zealous sabbatarians have been told that we are going to convert Sunday into a day of carousal and revelry, had caused these notices to be served upon us by a local Sabbath Closing Society.

It appeared to us that they were apprehensive that our camp was another of the many subterfuges for avoiding the Sunday Liquor Law, and consequently gave us timely warning that they were on the war-path.

Now in order to allay any such apprehensions and to show our disposition to meet the highest moral obligations to a community into which our lot has been temporarily cast, we caused a notice to be put up in our camp that a lecture would be delivered at our camp on Sunday, with an invitation to attend.

The propriety of this step was discussed and approved by every member of the camp, and a defect in our organization at once remedied by the election of a Chaplain who immediately set about preparing himself for his Sunday discourse.

Sunday, July 29, 1860.

Unexpectedly at ten o'clock this morning our camp was reinforced by the arrival of six typical Long Islanders who had landed on the east side of Elder Island and walked over to our camp for the purpose as they said of attending meeting. They were civil and well behaved people but whether they had come expecting to get liquor in consequence of the stringent tie-up on shore, or as spies to see that we did not sell or expose for sale we do not know. They kept their purpose to themselves. But as Sabbath breakers they far out-flanked us.

Our novel announcement had brought others from the main land who came directly to our camp. At half past ten an audience consisting of thirty-one persons all told had gathered and being seated, or reclining, or lying as suited individual tastes on the ground grass or straw. Chaplain Walton arose and entered his apology for being compelled to quote from memory.

"While the children of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man gathering sticks on the Sabbath and they brought him unto Moses, and Moses commanded that he should be taken without the camp and stoned to death, as the Lord had commanded, and it was done." A short dissertation followed. . . .

He next took up the story of Jesus and his disciples as they went through the cornfield on the Sabbath. "And they were an hungered and they began to pluck the ears of corn and to eat rubbing them in their hands." The Pharisees murmured at this,—not the act of taking

the corn but for taking it on Sunday. The Jews were boisterous in their demonstrations of Sabbath breaking, but not one word of reproof for the wanton spoliation of the farmer's corn by twelve hungry disciples. . . .

Another count was the converting of water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana where Jesus went with his disciples. The discourse was upon the above topics spirited and unique, never once transcending the moral attitude. It was a noble and scholarly composition and exactly befitting the occasion. . . . We do not deem a full report to be justified here.

In the course of which he said, I have specially selected the above events because they seem to fit so pertinently as a rebuke to the meddlesome notices of the Sabbath Closing Society of Rum Point, (more recently Greenwich Point, now Roosevelt). . . .

"Never has it been demonstrated to me," said he, "with so much force as during the present camping, and by the scientific gentlemen associated with us at Camp Elder that the whole scheme of nature from plant—from monad to man is filled with life, rising one above another by an ascent so gradual and gentle and easy from one to another as to be almost insensible to us. Now if the scale of being rises by such insensible degrees from plant to man—man may raise to a higher state. We have no authority for declaring that man is the highest of the series. A knowledge of this higher state, however, we have yet to attain to. But when it does come, if at all, it will not come through the cloister, the burning bush or the lightnings of Sinai but through the laboratory, the mine and the dissecting room and of such devotees of science as have honored the little Camp Elder and not by the prophets who flooded this camp with their brainless missals. . . .

The lecture was a complete, dispassionate discussion of a rational Sunday and a rational liquor law, questions which we did not go to Elder Island to discuss, but the issues of which as a matter of defense were forced upon us.

After the sermon the crowd dispersed, the strangers for home and the campers for dinner which was served at once. During the afternoon the Captain delivered at camp six barrels of beach sand to be used to carpet our dining-room, which added much to its looks and a great deal to cleanliness and comfort.

Several pairs of teal had been seen flying up the lead around the north end of Elder Island this morning, rather an unusual thing, the Captain said, for this season of the year, their flight being later. The teal is smaller, but is a type of the common wild goose and is a salt water bird, is a swift flyer, and usually fly in pairs one behind the other about ten or fifteen feet apart.

The Captain and Mr. McPeake had arranged to equip themselves for Monday morning and bag some of this game, if any ventured out.

We refrained from shooting on Sunday as the report of guns might be attended with unpleasant consequences with the Committee of Sunday Preserves.

Monday, July 30, 1860.

This morning Capt. Thomas with his single barreled fowling piece and Mr. McPeake with his glittering double barreled Damascus twist proceeded to the point a distance of about 250 yards from camp, the purpose being to arrest in the flight any of the feathered web-footed tribe, and particularly teal, that might venture down the lead against such odds. To prevent confusion it was stipulated between the two sportsmen that should any birds come along in pairs McPeake should take the head bird and the Captain the second. This was to guard against both shooting at the same bird.

They were not long in suspense; a brace of beautiful birds appeared and came fairly down the creek at lightning speed. They passed at a distance of not more than one hundred feet from the cover of the sportsmen, who were both on the alert, both fired simultaneously. The spectators at the camp could not distinguish between the discharge of the guns, when down came the hind most bird. This seemed strange at that short range. Any ordinary marksman ought to have taken his bird.

No more birds appearing within range, the sportsmen returned to camp with their game. McPeake was crestfallen at his defeat. He was certain that he must have shot ahead of his bird and that his allowance on the bird in flight had been too great and he would never make so great allowance again. He however got but little consolation at camp, and less when the true state of facts became known, for Capt. Thomas informed us aside that his gun had missed fire, which he discovered when he commenced the act of re-loading. He kept the fact from McPeake but disclosed it to the rest of the camp on his return.

After every conceivable torture had been inflicted upon McPeake and his valueless gun, which he was advised to trade away for a pair of clam-tongs. But when he came to know all the facts he was inconsolable and entirely broken up, and like the little girl who on discovering that her doll was stuffed with bran, wanted to be put in a nunnery.

From this time forward little was heard of McPeake's prowess, but he nevertheless did good and valuable service to the camp with his much maligned, though truly magnificent gun, among the small game. We were indebted for many a dinner of yellow-leg snipe (*Tolamis*) and duck, and he more than purged himself from the folly of thinking that he could kill whales with putty balls.

In this easy manner day after day passed, every device was adopted for entertainment and every phenomenon that presented two sides was bound to find partisans for each, and discussions followed regardless of the merit of the question discussed.

Tuesday, July 31, 1860.

Capt. Thomas made a successful trip this morning to the east side of New Inlet for the purpose of obtaining a mess of soft clams (*molluscs mya arenaria*) said to be the finest to be had on the South Bay. This is the clam which figures so largely in the New England clambake. The Indian, however, long before the advent of the New Englander had discovered the high comestible qualities of the soft clam and the clambake also had an Indian origin. These bivalves "Over" had prepared as a surprise on our return to camp from an excursion to Hog Island. They were served up in the simplest style known to the cuisine. The effect of the cooking is as near as may be that of the New England clambake. It was a royal dish with plebeian accompaniments and everybody appeared highly gratified and thanks were extended to "Over" for the unique manner in which they were served.

But no good thing can escape criticism. Lawyer Condit thought that he had detected a coppery flavor in these molluscs. The idea was at first ridiculed generally, but he insisted upon the correctness of his diagnosis, and Mr. McPeake was also more than half convinced that there was a peculiar flavor about them which might go for copper, and even the prudent and matter of fact Mr. Lewis thought that there was an unnatural flavor, very slight, however, about the clams which might come from the presence of cupric compounds and which flavor was made more manifest by the particularly plain method of cooking. Complex cooking would probably have disguised the cause of criticism. But the query of the entire camp was: Whence the copper? How did it get in the clam? and all looked to the savant Lewis for an explanation, which he thought might be accounted for, but the origin of copper and the other metals are unsolved problems and quite as great a mystery as the copper in the clam. Mr. Lewis was unanimously voted the chair. He said the question, whence the copper in the clam while it differed materially from the question of the origin of copper must nevertheless meet its solution according to the scientific method, and I cannot explain without going back to the genesis of human knowledge on the subject of cupric molecules. There is no pedantry, or vanity in my illustration, my only desire is to give an explanation which explains.

The problem coming up here accidentally is one of great scientific importance. Its simple origin in no wise dwarfs its great scientific significance. There was a period in the cosmic history of our earth when it was an incandescent, a gaseous diffusion of atomic matter. In absolute quantity it was the same then as now; nothing has been taken away. The waters, the rocks, the metals, were all there in their elemental gases in the beginning. The waters were simple oxygen and hydrogen with the salts. Air, oxygen and nitrogen and the metals iron, gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, mercury etc., were then in simple gases,

or in complex combination with the other gases, and silicon, sulphur, potassium, sodium, etc., were there. These imponderable forms, gases, vapors, the elements out of which our solid globe was to be formed were diffused into space, the utmost boundaries of which were far beyond the limits of our solar system. All the elements were in a state of incandescence, glowing with heat. An atomic state, a state into which human knowledge has not yet intruded. The atomic, or nebulous condition is the first state of matter conceived by human knowledge penetrates no farther into the mysteries of matter. This is the border-land. We cannot doubt its essence.

How long the elemental waters, the gases and the metals remained suspended in a state of fusion about the earth in a pavilion of cloud we know not. But when the earth had cooled to a point where condensation and precipitation began their work, not alone the waters, but chloride of sodium, which formed the common salts of the sea and ocean were precipitated with it; hence the salt of the sea.

These are but skeleton facts with which we are dealing and do not cover in detail the great cataclysmic period of the earth. But they are sufficient for the illustration of the subject under consideration regardless of time.

It shall be our purpose to follow the copper atom which we have introduced suspended above, now precipitated to the earth, or the sea in solution through the cooling process where it seeks out sulphuric acid with which it readily combines and forms a molecule, or an aggregation of atomic units. It is now a cupric sulphate and is soluble in sea water and in this form all the seas and oceans of our earth hold in solution copper, or its pyrites and the other metals as well, with which, however, we are not now dealing. The primeval seas held these elements in solution in vastly greater quantities than at present for all the copper which has been taken from our mines and all that remains there was once in a gaseous state floating above the earth. Afterward it became a solvent of the sea and remained in its firm embrace until a new energy appeared, viz.: the vegetable life forming great gardens of algae concentrating and lying up vast quantities of carbon destined to pull to pieces the cupric sulphate and liberate the copper pyrites which fell to the floor of the sea in particles of native copper or cupric sulphides, but not until the death and dissolution of these vegetable fields and the release of their carbon did this take place and set the copper free.

Another and a greater change took place when animal life appeared on our earth. First in the waters of the sea and of the lowest forms of molluscs and polyps. These animals in the process of respiration took into their organism the waters of the sea which contained the cupric atom in solution.

No mollusc possesses greater power of breaking up the molecules of copper sulphates than the clam and jelly-fish, hundreds of the latter

we see in the waters all about us. Their organism is largely carbon, living molluscs have far greater chemical powers for disorganization than dead plants and hence the process of the precipitation of pure copper was more rapid after animal life appeared.

It seems strange that this sluggish bivalve should possess the potency of breaking up the molecules and wresting copper atom from the strong embrace of its sulphide and make it an element of its own blood. But it is true. This power exists in every marine mollusc. All the copper sulphides and all the native copper on our earth have been collected and deposited by either decaying vegetable organisms or assimilated into the blood of living organisms and thence deposited in insoluble grains of pure metal on the floor of the sea to find their way into the earth's strata by some process not under discussion here. But no doubt now remains that the deposition in veins, fissures and pockets was from the surface and was accomplished through the action of moving water. Now it appears that the soft clam does take the copper particles in greater or smaller quantities according to circumstances into its system when the carbon of his organism disentangles it from all former chemical alliances, and deposits it upon the bottom of the sea in pure metal. And that under peculiar conditions of health, or slow digestion this mollusc should taint his flesh with an element taken in daily with his food is in nowise remarkable. Hence the copper in the clam.

Now, if iron and copper exists in the other planets of our system, we have no reason to doubt that they were produced in the same manner as on our earth, then we have reason to believe that a common constitution and common laws apply throughout the solar system, and hence the planets must be inhabited.

Copper held in solution by the sea is fluent and circulates freely with its waves and currents. In this form the present seas hold copper and in the primeval seas it was held in larger store. This is also true of silver and gold. No metal will be precipitated until the sea is tenanted. The sea-weeds, molluscs and polyps break up the restless molecules of the metals and take the atoms into their own fibre. When death takes place then the little crystals, or speculae begins to accumulate on the floor of the sea. Living molluscs have greater powers than dead plants. But this power exists in every marine mollusc, and through countless ages these metals diffused throughout the sea, have pulsed through the blood, or the organism of all living creatures. The millions of square miles of algae banked in mid-ocean and gifted with the same powers as the molluscs or polyps and through countless ages this algae has taken into its fibre the metallic molecules which on its death are released. This is as true of gold as copper.

A thorough inquiry into the processes of which the above is a skeleton will confirm more fully these truths.

CHAPTER XIX.

THEORY OF TIDES.—COMMON SENSE AND REASON.—THE CHAPLAIN AND THE FLOUNDERS.—HERMIT CRAB.

Thursday, August 2, 1860.

 COMPANY of native picnickers consisting of three boat loads of men, women and children representing the Methodist Church of Hicks Neck and Christian Hook were invited to land at our camp to-day. The freedom of the place was accorded them, and for half an hour the camp was absolutely in possession of this wonderfully inquisitive company. If they left without a thorough knowledge of the true inwardness of Camp Elder and the genealogy of every member of the camp it was not because they had neglected any phase of energy which ingenuity could suggest in invading every hidden corner of the marvelous settlement and the unaccountable cranks who took pleasure in such half civilized enjoyments of life. Some of the women were much impressed with "Over's" unique kitchen and showered questions upon him about smoky chimnies. We saw a party of half-grown boys struggling with the problem of a cork life preserver hanging out to dry which McPeake had in his providence included in his outfit. One boy thought it an Indian relic, antique armour which it undoubtedly was suggestive of.

The picnickers when they left gave three cheers for the savages of Elder Island.

Friday, August 3, 1860.

To McPeake the tide had been a source of unceasing mystery. He seemed entirely absorbed in the phenomenon of its ceaseless ebb and flow. It was a novel experience to him. His early life had been spent a long way from tidal waters. He would sit for hours in the most thoughtful attitude from the first of the flood to high water and watch the procession of the tide eddies as they swept around the headland of the island. And as it rose and the waters gradually closed around our little camp he felt as he afterward confessed, an uncertainty, an insecurity, apprehension of being engulfed by the invading element, and was wonderfully relieved when the waters began to recede. But the regularity of the rise and fall (ebb and flow) the uniform height to which the waters rose, remained as great a mystery to him as it did to the great philosopher, Aristotle, who strove to discover the true cause,

and in his failure and despair was heard to utter the following prayer: "O Thing of Things have mercy on us."

One evening after dinner when the whole camp was sitting on the highest bluff of land and smoking our pipes, the full force of an half ebb tide whirling and circling in graceful and majestic eddies at our feet. McPeake (it being entirely in order) inquired if the tide did not sometimes (as he had read) cover the entire marsh to a great depth, even including the elevation upon which we sat. He recounted great catastrophes from tidal floods and thought that such here would entirely depopulate the island. It seems that there are never any extremely high tides here. How is that? inquired he. Captain Thomas's response was prompt and explicit. No catastrophic tides occur here, nor could such occur.

Chaplin Walton suggested that a free talk be had upon the subject of tides, which was an old and unsolved problem in the days of Aristotle and Strabo. "I am not," said he, "without ample warning that our peerless camp protege of Thespian distinction has great solicitude about floods, tidal waves and inundations, of which he has a kind of premonition. I did not observe until to-day that he took the precaution of including in his original outfit one of Adie's Patent Cork Life Jackets. But whether in the event of a cataclysmic overflow, which he regards as imminent, he intends to pop up in the role of a hero of a Noachim, or Deucalion flood, we are not sufficiently advised. Maybe, however, we are all in error and no such spectacular effect is intended, and the piece of intricate machinery is no life saving jacket at all, but a simple padding contrivance and belongs to the Sock and Buskin of his stage properties for use on special occasions to swell his Lilliputian form to the stage dimension of Falstaff. I therefore submit that our worthy Captain from out his knowledge and experience explain to us the hazzards of a flood and immolation of the population of Elder Island under existing conditions." There was promptness and boldness in the Captain's answer which betokened that he was master of the subject. But we think his audience had misgivings that he was invading territory of labyrinthian darkness from which he would have difficulty in extricating himself. We had, however, underestimated the prowess of our man as the sequel will show.

The Captain had a peculiar voice. It came from the lower regions of his stomach and made its exit from his mouth through a great volume of saliva, and was consequently thick and guttural, full-flavored with nicotine and difficult to understand, and when greatly in earnest it was only by strict attention that he could be understood at all. His head, however, was all right, and when asked to explain his apparently untenable theory, he delivered himself somewhat as follows:

The Great South Bay, the portion I particularly refer to, would be more properly called the Great South Marsh (between the points above named), is a territory of sixty-five square miles intersected by

creeks, leads, coves, bays, etc., which occupy a little less than one-thirteenth of its entire surface. The flood tides from the ocean flow in to miles and miles of tortuous creeks and bays. After running flood for six hours the waters in these creeks have reached an altitude of about five and one-half feet above mean low water, and that is about the maximum uniform capacity of New Inlet for the six hours flood, and that has been its work for the past 150 years.

You will understand that the average work of New Inlet for six hours flood will supply water enough to raise high water just about to a level of the marshes. Sometimes it runs flood for seven hours and on extreme occasions it has been known to last over nine hours. This happens at the equinoxes when the moon is in perigee. At such times, of course, New Inlet delivers a larger body of water. Now, were it to run flood with the uniform supply per hour for nine hours, the water ought to reach an elevation of eight feet, which would make our little hummock very uncomfortable in a storm for the sea would break all over it. But fortunately this is not the true state of the case. The moment the water has reached a height equal to the surface of the marsh then it commences its distribution over all the marshes a territory thirteen times greater than that included in the creeks so that instead of the water rising two and a half feet above the ordinary high water, calculated on the basis of the creek territory, the supply of water distributed over this vastly additional territory would only rise two and a half inches above ordinary flood of six hours, a nine-hour flood does not happen once in twenty-five years.

Thus you see one of the extremest occasions cannot flood the marsh more than two and a half or three inches, and even this might be troublesome for our camp in case of strong wind for the waves would break all over it, as at present, however, the grass would break up or subdue the waves in the severest gale.

It sometimes happens that at the mainland of Long Island, four miles distant, that the tide during severe southeasterly gales will rise two or three feet higher than usual and it will remain high water all day. This is caused by the driving force of the wind, but such a thing cannot happen at Elder Island, the opening of the inlet is not sufficiently broad and deep to be more than slightly affected by the winds. I mean the flow of water. Now the capacity of New Inlet may have been greater at one time and may become greater in the future, but I think not. It just does its work and that is all required of it, and it is as with all the inlets on the south side of Long Island. They are graded according to the work they have to do. Were the territory fed by New Inlet to be enlarged suddenly the currents of the inlet would become stronger, and this would widen the channel which would continue until the present status were reached, and I think Mr. McPeake may be assured that there is no present, nor prospective probability that the denizens of Elder Island hummocks consisting of

mice, fiddlers, air-breathing snails, spiders, gnats, worms and some other insects need have fears of an immediate deluge. The explanation explained.

Captain Thomas called our attention to the southeast and just inside of New Inlet was a large school of porpoises sporting and playing; in some instances jumping clear out of the water. They were heading up Long Creek toward Fundy. The Captain said we would probably get rain to-morrow. We laughed at him and wanted to know what the porpoises knew about it. He admitted there was but little reason in it, but it was an old saying and he believed it had met with verifications enough to make it an adage.

Saturday, August 4, 1860.

The porpoises were right. We crawled out this morning at six into a drizzly rain with the wind southeast and every prospect (there were no porpoises in sight), of a protracted rain. Our camp was consequently arranged for a day within doors. Fortunately we last evening received an invoice of newspapers and books, a class of supplies which had been overlooked in the beginning. None seemed more pleased than our chaplain who seriously felt the need of a few books to vivify his theology.

Mr. Lewis left camp to-day, being called away consequent upon a pressure of business in the city. This was deeply regretted by every member of the camp. Mr. Lewis was held in high esteem by his associates, both for his easy quiet manner and his high scientific attainments. He was devoted to the natural sciences. They were his great hobby. His health is not good.

Sunday, August 5, 1860.

Sunday preaching was becoming a matter of consequence. The reputation of our novel Sunday entertainment (regarded at first as only a bit of harmless humour to offset the foolish exactions of the inhabitants on the mainland) had spread to the surrounding country and the influx of visitors was truly alarming. Twenty-three, had probably, for a variety of reasons come from the adjacent mainland and eleven from the hotel at Jones' Beach.

Our assistant chaplain on being presented to the audience, said: "My sermon will be short this morning, and for two very good reasons, one is, I don't much like to preach, and secondly, I desire to lose no time in the enjoyment of this beautiful morning and the novelty of the scenery about me.

"The subject of the few remarks which I shall make is 'Common Sense and Reason,' and which will be treated as interchangeable terms. Reason conceded to be educated, or trained common sense.

"We do not favorably entertain the theory that of all created things man alone was endowed with reason. On the contrary we know that at the present day the broadest thinking men and scientists

of all countries, those who establish the standards of thought, consider that the faculty of reason is held in common by man and the higher order of brutes, as the dog, horse, elephant and many others of the vertebrates. But we shall not descend to a consideration of this phase of the subject, but shall confine our brief remarks to reason and reasoning man.

"Common sense is spontaneous and dogmatic and captures by assault. But reasoning is the power, or faculty, by which truth is apprehended through processes deliberate and cautious by regular approaches. It is the act, the doing, and represents a higher state than mere abstract reason or common sense, and operates by system and method, which method is the philosophy of reasoning. Every man accustomed to thinking has fallen into habits more or less methodical which are either natural, or acquired, and this is his philosophy, and according to which he arraigns the facts which appear before him, his common sense eliminating all absurd and irrational evidence—to illustrate:

"The highest demonstrable truths are of mathematics, and there is but one method, formula, or philosophy by which mathematical truths may be reached. There can be no pseud-issues or false formula, no element of the mysterious can enter here. And this is true of all phenomena in the physical universe. It must be investigated by physical methods and formula alone. No physical phenomenon can be determined by sentiment, or emotion, or Divine revelation, miraculous interposition, or inner consciousness. They are not the solvents of physical truths, or any truth.

"Now, I mean to affirm that all the phenomena of this world belong to the physical, are perceptible to our senses, or reasons, through physical methods and all those phenomena claiming spiritual or miraculous agencies are no phenomena, and unreal."

The chaplain applied the above method of reasoning to illustrate the aggressive means of the Sabbath Closing Society of the mainland, and he was just warming up to the subject when suddenly. . . .

At this point the chaplain who was suffering greatly from the heat bolted leaving manuscript half read. He stopped short. It was evident that his wind was gone and he was exhausted as a gymnotus.

When reproached for his sudden collapse he said he came to Elder Island for enjoyment and preaching has not panned out to be one of the agreeable refreshments of the place.

After the collapse of to-day's lecture a meeting of the camp savants determined that of the enjoyable and pleasurable things of Camp Elder lectures on Sunday was not one, and would in future be discontinued. And it was unanimously agreed that should an audience attend next Sunday that they should be entertained with a free lunch at twelve o'clock instead of preaching.

Monday, August 6, 1860.

To-day brought some recruits to our camp.

Mr. Thomas who had gone on shore in the morning for that purpose (and for supplies) brought with him in the afternoon some friends who had heard of our famous encampment, and had come to spend a day or two with us, among whom Counsellor Ray, of New York, was either a native of or had lived at Greenwich Point, or had some consanguinous relations with Raynortown. He was especially interested in the scientific attitude the camp had assumed. Two other guests were the friends of Mr. Condit.

Tuesday, August 7, 1860.

To-day is the first that we have had a regular old-fashioned clam-bake (hard clam) we have depended upon the native fisherman for our supply of this bivalve and up to the present our supply has been limited. Yesterday, however, we received a large invoice, and to preserve them have dropped them in the waters near the camp to be called for as the occasion may require.

Wednesday, August 8, 1860.

In front of Camp Elder on the south, the receding tide each day left a lagoon or pond covering about an acre. The bottom was sandy with a little sediment of mud on top of the sand. The depth of the water ranged from nothing to maybe five feet, averaging not more than a foot and a half. In this pond and the flats adjoining Lawyer Walton took much pleasure. He had been in pursuit of razor clams (*Ensis Americana*) for more than a week, but they had eluded him. He declared the razor clam to have more traits common to the lawyer than any other mollusc known. He was a slippery cuss, and could pull himself into his hole more quickly than any other living creature, except a lawyer. He undertook to dig one out with a spade, but that also failed. He followed him more than three feet and gave it up. The razor burrowed faster than he could dig. Walton, however, had his successes as well as defeats. To-day he had captured a large flat fish, flounder or fluke in his favorite lagoon. He discovered it by stepping on it and the creature slipped from under his foot with a suddenness that came near upsetting him. The chaplain was remorseless for he knew the instinctive cunning of the animal with which he had to deal, but he had determined to take him, and so waited until the rile had cleared away, then carefully surveyed the ground. The water was about ten inches deep. He discovered the whereabouts of Mr. Fluke by his eyes, his skin being so exactly the color of the mud that detection was impossible in that manner. But his eyes were exposed and they betrayed him into the clutches of the wily professor. The bottom upon which these fish lie becomes a differentiating medium for their safety.

That many animals escape their carnivorous enemies by avoiding obtrusiveness and loudness of dress is demonstrable. All these matters prove uncontestedly "the relativity of things," as the philosopher puts it, or as the lawyer would say "circumstances alter cases."

Having once determined the true location the professor walked cautiously up to him until near enough for the commencement of hostilities, then dropping upon his victim with his whole weight, his thumbs extended with the intention of penetrating his gills. This last strategy was a success. One thumb went clear through him, then commenced the struggle. *Bella! horrida bella!* the professor maintained his grasp, but terrific was the contest. By degrees the professor worked his way toward the shore, when with one grand effort he landed his game high and dry upon the beach. After recovering from the fatigue the professor brought his prize to camp, changed his wet clothes (for it was a sea fight) and posed for a sportsman, and when we returned, that is Condit, McPeake and myself, in the evening, he triumphantly exhibited his catch. It was indeed a magnificent fish, more than eighteen inches long and nearly twelve broad and weighed eight pounds.

Holding up his prize he addressed us as if addressing a recalcitrant, or contumacious jury: "Now, you learned and lettered pundits in naturalistic lore, who have aired your pantology on fiddlers and horse-feet and other crusty crustaceans, *ad captandum vulgus*, turn your attainments to some account. Here is the opportunity of your lives. All men cannot become sportsmen, nor all men scientists, nor all men cooks. It takes all three, however, to make a chowder. This gamey brute the evidence of whose prowess is in scars I bear, is not a mollusc, or shell-fish, or a crustacean. It is a specimen of the kingdom *Pleuronectidae*, a study of which will take you from your familiar field of clams and mussels into the realms of ichthyology, a territory into which no imperious amateur, or Hotspur in science dares to enter. Now tell me, if you please, what is the name and genealogy of this beautiful creature. Let us know his manner of life from his youth up. This gentleman is no ganoid, but belongs to that class of vertebrates whose backbone is inside of him and who is known under the sub-title *edibulis*. And I have advice for my Thespian friend to lay aside that gilded specimen of Damascus twist and other equipments of sporting dress parade and trust himself to the weapons offensive bestowed upon him by nature to supply his daily wants. Who knows but I have saved our worthy 'Over' from a fate similar to that of Atel, the head cook of the Grand Monarch who was driven to suicide because the seafish did not arrive in time for the banquet of his royal master.

"This breed of fish, gentlemen, runs into the classics. In so much estimation was this celebrated fish held by the ancient Romans that Octavius purchased one for 5,000 sesterces (\$100), Seneca, Juvenal and Tertullian mention others which sold at a much higher price. Macrobius

bought one for the fabulous price of 7,000 sesterces and Suetonius remarks that the Emperor Tiberius raved terribly because he was defrauded out of one."

"But," replied McPeake, "there is an old Italian proverb 'That he that catches a flounder is a fool if he eats it.'"

However, it was an acquisition to the natural history of Camp Elder and to gastronomic science. It is the *ne plus ultra* of all that is significant in the word chowder in its broadest native Malayan acceptation.

In the whole range of ichthyological science no more interesting specimen exists than the flounder or fluke. Of all the vertebrates none have so far departed from the original type. In the first place, however, let us disabuse our minds concerning his good looks made so conspicuous in the oratory of his captor, for he is no beauty. On the contrary, he is an inellegant, awkward and deformed fish. In his youth, when he strutted about upright in gaudy colors, his mouth and face models of symmetry, he might have laid claim to good looks, but his adult state brought to him conditions quite unlike those of his youth, and which have deprived him of any such claim. But it was his own selection, and unquestionably the wiser part not to peril his life for the sake of appearances, for finding that he could with more certainty elude the vigilance of his many enemies than when standing upright, he just turned over on his left side, hugged the oozy bottom of the bays and estuaries, and floundered along through life contentedly to a good old age. It would thus seem strange that this non-symmetrical condition of the flounder was a matter of deliberate choice on his part, or his ancestry, and this meets with confirmation in the fact that some flounders have been found with their left side uppermost, and all else following the general rule, but reversed, so that the whole matter appears dependent upon a whim of his and the way he lies down, or in other words, the way he selects, which, when once decided and acted upon, the under side, whichever it may be, begins to turn white, the osseous development of the nether side suspends the left or right eye, as the case may

be, starts upon its transit around the head, one lung ceases its functions, and he loses the elegance of his early and more gracious estate.

It has been said that the primitive ancestor of the human family, the ascidian, passed through similar transformations.

The individual flounder under review swam flat on the bottom, and of which he sought to pass himself as a part and parcel; he did not so swim, and he did not practice this deception in his youth. In youth his position was vertical, upright, and he had an eye on each side of his head, and his breathing apparatus; his gills were of equal value on both sides of his body, and both sides of his body were uniform in color. His mouth, however, has undergone no transformation. It is the same as in youth, and consequently a vastly awkward organ under his present environment. When he eats his jaws move laterally like the blades of a reaping machine. Here is variability, or divergence in type, but so far as our observation goes, strict adherence to heredity is observed.

In thus sacrificing grace, symmetry and freedom to the exigencies of existence, he did no more than follow the tendency of all organic creation known as natural selection, but his transformation is more pronounced than in others, nor does it seem to conform to his individual comfort otherwise than safety. However, in this habitude he soon developed some distinct characteristics of onesidedness, yet still preserving many features of ungraceful lopsidedness.

In this efficient example of pleuronectidæ this subject until to-day had escaped all his enemies and would have lived and no doubt died of old age but for the intrusion of a new and more diplomatic enemy in the person of Counsellor Walton.

Thursday, August 9, 1860.

For the programme of to-day a trip was proposed to the Hummocks and to go prepared to explore the mysteries of the great shell heap at that place. On arriving at the Hummocks, it being low water and a large surface of the heap exposed, we reconnoitered the surface for relics with no success. We then made excavations in several places

to a depth of two, three and four feet, but found nothing of importance, there being some broken spear heads all of flint. Saw no shells of other than existing species, and obtained no information above the fact that the heap of shells was not the result of wampum manufacturers, but the clams and other molluscs whose shells composed the heap had been used for food; in other words, it was a refuse heap. We remained there some hours and as the tide began coming in we prepared to depart.

Just before leaving, however, we observed among the other shells a periwinkle shell about three inches long which appeared to be in motion, crawling up out of the advancing tide. It was of the tribe *Fulgar Canaliculata*, and on investigation found the shell in the possession of a good-sized hermit crab (*Upagurus*) a true crustacean, who had either taken possession of an empty shell, or had removed the rightful owner and seized his domicil. Anyway he was now the proud and peaceable occupant of a home three times too large for his insignificant body, and to which he was the felonious owner. On our approach he made desperate efforts to get away from us with his awkward tenement. He is more active with his back load while in the water, the buoyancy relieves him. It was amusing to see the struggle of the little freebooter to hide himself in his great bungalow and when he despaired of escape he showed fight. That a creature with so much apparent wisdom and forethought as to make provision against his own natural defects seeking to overcome them by strategy in selecting the shell of another, shows so little discretion in the selection of his covering is a strange feature in his character.

It may be, however, that the market of desirable tenements was limited, and he did his best under the circumstances. We took possession of him and his borrowed garment wrapped him tightly in our handkerchief to keep him from abandoning his house, for he would desert anything to preserve his miserable little half-developed body and take his chances on finding another covering.

On reaching camp we prepared a cage for our captive in which to send him to the museum for embalming and preservation.

The hermit crab is a curious study. He is only partially covered with armour. He has great solicitude about his unarmoured parts. And from the time of his first setting out in life, or begins to shift for himself, he must provide shelter and protection for the vulnerable portion of his anatomy, and having no resources of his own he does the next best thing in quietly, strategetically, or forcibly taking possession of the first stronghold that comes to hand. He does not wait for tenants to get out, he ejects them. He has no scruples of making forcible entry of occupied premises, providing he has the power to dispossess the owner.

It is the rear end of his body which is unprotected, and in getting a new house he goes into it stern foremost and inserts the soft part of

his body up into the coils of his new habitation. He has two large claws; one for crushing his food, the other for aid, and he has four ambulatory feet which close up within his shell when at rest.

In his youth his house hunting usually culminated in accepting the unoccupied shell of the deceased nassa, a snail, although small, it is large enough for his small means. Should he select an occupied shell and meet opposition in obtaining it, which is not usually the case, he drags the owner from his abode, built by his care, and devours him, and takes possession of his empty apartments and goes off with it on his back. But all sympathy is wasted on the nassa who is a most relentless cannibal himself.

When the hermit crab gets too large for the nassa shell he again goes about in search of more commodious quarters. Which on the shores of Long Island he finds in the discarded shell of the natica, or larger snail, and this is fairly as appropriate a shelter for him as he could pick up ready made. They are never a perfect fit and always awkward to get about with. Locomotion must necessarily be faulty with any creature who carries his house on his back.

These little creatures when looking for a new home seem to form no conception of their size, or the space they occupy. They will try every great whelk shell unoccupied that comes in their way regardless of size, and are never content until satisfied by experience that they can neither fill it or move it. The dexterity with which they will whip out of their old shell and slip into a new one is marvelous, but like many other *people* in this world they frequently bite off more than they can chew.

In the case under consideration it was amusing to see the little selfish, conceited brute struggle to get out of our reach, which he might have succeeded in doing had he have had an economical house instead of the great one which his vanity made him believe was just his size, but it was really three sizes too large for him.

And hermits labor otherwise under social disadvantages, for were they in better fitting jackets they could move more freely about, enjoy themselves and have some chance of escaping harm when pursued, instead of being obliged to stay at home and keep house because it is too large to carry with them on dress parade with ease. The hermit has little regard for his kind. He has an eye for show, as well as bulk, and if he meets another of his craft in a more attractive habitation, in brighter colors, he would invite the owner to move out and if he refused, proceedings would immediately be taken to occupy by force, and a fight to the death ensues.

All naturalists say that the hermit crabs are of great interest to the scientists. They are original and distinctive in many of their habits and mode of living; are very arbitrary and cruel in their expulsion of rightful owners for their own selfish needs, and will not occupy a

dead shell if by the invasion of another's rights they may become the possessor of a live one, and neither from a moral or legal point of view is the forcible eviction looked upon as a misdemeanor by either party. The weak have no rights with them.

Sometimes matters are not settled so pleasantly. Two house hunters meet and both desire the same tenement, then comes the tug of war. Live together they neither can nor will. They have no two-family houses. The affair is settled by wager of war in which the stronger proves his claim, just by the Carlylean logic of morals—might.

Finally the hermit has forebodings of death. 'Tis then a sad sight to see the little creature that is Eupagurus, when his time has come and he knows it. However droll and cruel his life may have been he is grave now. And what a strange fact it is. The little fellow comes out of his home to die. To us upland bipeds home is the only place in which to die. But the hermit crab dies a vagrant and homeless. At his own free will he quits his home which he fought to acquire and fought to retain. Those antennæ that often stood out so threateningly and provokingly and were so often poked into everybody's business now lie prone and harmless. There lies the homeless hermit on the shells stone dead.

Friday, August 10, 1860.

Affairs at camp to-day were not eventful, a listless, enervating sensation pervaded. It was too hot to put forth energy. Consequently everybody lay about the camp with scarcely energy enough to smoke. And to all outward appearances the intentions of parties were peaceful.

Sunday, August 12, 1860.

We were yesterday unexpectedly honored by a visit of the schooner yacht "Arago," Captain Joseph C. Dimon, owner. His guests were John Dimon, Colonel Alfred M. Wood, Hon. John G. Shumaker, Frank L. Dallon. The "Arago" sailed from Sandy Hook yesterday morning and early in the afternoon anchored in front of Camp Elder.

The Captain and guests spent the day (Sunday) here and took dinner with us at the camp. The day was agreeably spent with Captain Dimon and his company, the weather being too hot for exertion.

The "Arago" will sail to-morrow morning, August 13th, at four o'clock for Greenport. She is expected to make the circuit of Long Island and will stop at Port Jefferson, New London, Oyster Bay and New Haven.

Courtesies were exchanged.

Wednesday, August 15, 1860.

Events at the camp for the past few days have not warranted noting.

At 2 P. M. to-day, very warm, although a good stiff sea breeze is blowing. There are indications in the northwest of a brewing

storm. A great bank of dark white-capped clouds is gracefully rolling up dome-shaped over a background of marvelously clear blue sky. They move slowly and cautiously like living things. At three o'clock these great leviathans of the air have closed over the face of the sun. However, a strong ebb tide is now making which will tend to deflect the cloud masses in conformity with a well-observed, but little understood law of nature. A few moments later it is evident that the storm center wavers in its course, and with great apparent reluctance moves off toward the north and east following the waters of the East River and Long Island Sound. Later, a great change has taken place in the northwest. A brighter sky succeeds in the trail of the late menacing storm.

Altogether the alternating phases of the northwestern sky for the past two hours has been a marvelous panorama of changing tints and forms, from somber black to dazzling carmine. But it failed to impress the *locum tenens* of Camp Elder as a thing very extraordinary. Glowing sunsets have but an indifferent audience at Camp Elder. Darkness closed around and we retired to our tent to escape the pestiferous gnat for which there seemed no antidote but tobacco smoke, or a breeze of wind.

CHAPTER XX

THUNDERSTORM.—JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.—CROMWELL AND MILTON.—EAST HAMPTON.—FIRE PLACE.—ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Thursday, August 16, 1860.



HE day opened hot and sultry. The threatening thunder-storm of yesterday which had so provokingly toyed with our hopes had in no sense improved the oppressiveness of the atmosphere. The weather was too hot for exertion and the day was spent about the camp. Our larder was replenished to-day by four large sheepshead of over six pounds each, brought in by an old fisherman familiar with their haunts. The sheepshead has but a limited geographical range seldom appearing further south than Florida, nor further north than Massachusetts. The sheepshead reaches the greatest perfection in the waters of Long Island where he has been taken weighing twelve pounds. The Florida sheepshead seldom weighs four pounds (*Diplodus probatocephalus*).

At about two in the afternoon solid masses of clouds made their appearance again in the northwest with threatening mien. This was at young flood (half flood) tide and a stiff southeast wind is blowing. In the absence of a more exciting topic we devoted ourselves to a study of these cloud phenomena with which we were not entirely unfamiliar, and into which we were joined by some of the members of our camp. The conversation turned to thunderstorms, tornadoes, cyclones, cloud bursts, great hailstorms, with hailstones as large as goose eggs. Some wonderful freaks of lightning were related. The old story of raining toads was related by one of our own party for our edification, the relator having been an eyewitness to this strange phenomenon. It required great gall to invent this story, but greater for an eyewitness to tell it.

As the clouds we have referred to arose above the horizon they presented one of the grandest spectacles in nature, and one impossible to describe in words. Phenomena of like character have been reproduced on canvas, but such efforts have always been feeble representations.

At half-past three it was evident from the direction the clouds were taking that there would be no divergence to-day, as yesterday, they were coming directly and threateningly toward us. Except from the direction and the extremely agitated nature of the clouds the approaching storm was a repetition of yesterday, but wonderfully unlike it.

The rolling and rounded white caps, the beautiful cumulus which came up to fill the broken and decimated ranks of cloud which had been beaten down by the strong southeast wind (now almost a gale), were again themselves beaten back, again and again reappeared behind the shattered ranks of the advancing storm cloud, like a battalion of resolute warriors, as portrayed in the storm myth of Hindoo mythology. More and more formidable the storm appeared as it approached. The thunder became louder, more frequent and more awe-inspiring, the lightning more vivid as it flashed from behind a somber mass of cloud black as Erebus, extending from southwest to northeast and moving upward as if its extremities were hung on hinges and of which Camp Elder seemed the vortex. It was what a sailor would call a dirty sky.

By the aid of a powerful field glass we had noted every act of this phenomenal drama for many miles inland, and we had it under careful observation when it struck the bay three miles northwest of us, the waters of which were lashed into a white fury in a moment. Finally all distinction of sea, land or sky were swallowed up in the black impending storm which was now fast moving toward us. The herald of its approach was a swirling mass of cloud which swept along just above the earth whirling, writhing, gyrating along with the velocity of a cyclone in counter directions. It did not seem to be fifty feet high. On it came and on, when suddenly, as quick as thought, the southeast wind which had been blowing a young gale ceased and a dead calm followed. Everything was motionless save the tumult overhead. The intervals were deathlike, the sensation choking, suffocating and hot as a sirocco, daylight was shut out, chaos reigned and the moment of dissolution appeared to have arrived. Then came the crisis, the storm in its ferocity burst upon us. It was appalling. The first blast leveled every structure in Camp Elder, except the hut, into which every one now sought refuge. Fortunately, we were all completely within when the second act of the drama opened with a tremendous hailstorm. The hail was of short duration, but it was severe while it lasted. Just at that moment when the hail was being superceded by rain there came a crash. It was stunning and every one knew that the thunderbolt had struck something near by, and all thought was centered on the sloop, that being the only conspicuous mark worthy so much consideration in the immediate vicinity. Nothing, however, could be seen ten feet from the spot where we stood. We were in profound gloom. It is the simultaneous flash and crash which suspends breathing and stops the pulsations of the heart.

The hailstorm was momentary and rain followed in torrents. In the meantime the alternate peals of thunder and flashes of lightning were fearfully sublime. The fury of the storm, however, began to subside in about fifteen or twenty minutes, but the electrical activity lasted much longer. As soon as the storm had sufficiently abated we ventured out expecting to find our sloop a mass of kindling wood, but

she was unharmed, the bolt had wreaked its vengeance on an innocent chestnut pole about twenty feet high erected by the United States Government Coast Survey, which was made visible at a great distance by a shining tin drum over the top of it, in the triangulation the drum being a conspicuous object in the sun.

In repairing to the spot less than 200 yards distant, we found that the pole, about ten inches in diameter, was shattered from top to bottom, and the tin drum was 100 feet away. It was fearfully broken up. The tin had been melted and was standing in drops on the surface.

Here again our science is in default. We have no pliant theory, nor is there any known, of which we are aware, in science defining the power, or locating the agent which shattered this pole. Scientists who have promised us enlightenment on this subject have stopped just short of explanation. Some few have confessed ignorance; some have attempted explanations which do not explain. A greater number have evaded the subject altogether, so that no comfort comes from science.

We have seen an iron rod fifteen feet long four inches in diameter which sustained the cardinal points, a large weather vane and some decorations upon the cupola of the academy at Rockville Centre after it had been struck by lightning and thrown to the ground in a bent and contorted condition that would have required the combined efforts of at least three ironworkers and a blacksmith's forge a week to accomplish what had here been accomplished in half a second and left no trace of the agent save in effect. A blacksmith could not have bent this rod without reducing it to a white heat, and even then it would have borne marks of the sledge-hammer, but here it was bent, twisted and contorted in the most fantastic manner and not a visible mark of the workman. We demand that the scientist give us an explanation or give up the subject.

Nor are we satisfied with the explanation given by science of the cause of hail with the thermometer at 85 degrees, the theory given does not satisfy all inquiries, or answer all questions concerning this phenomenon of nature.

There are other questions upon this subject the scientific explanation of which is not wholly satisfactory. The storm, or cyclone clouds which appear many times so shapeless and confused spread out on the northern sky like a great mantle, or rolling along with so much grandeur and regularity on the wings of the wind have been subjects of the interest, study and solicitude of men of science. The composition of these wrathful messengers of disorder, as accepted by science, is, that they are the aqueous accumulations which arise from the ocean, some from the moist earth, and which pass over our heads borne on the south and southeast winds in a transparent and heated atmosphere, invisible to us and which remain invisible, sometimes reaching to a great altitude, or until coming in contact with cooler atmosphere where its transparency is lost by its condensation into minute molecules of

fluid and the cloud formation begins. Light cannot pass through these particles of water when combined with our common atmosphere as it does through atmosphere and humidity, or moisture, hence clouds. This is generally true of the formation of all clouds. Clouds sometimes break up and mingle with the dry and heated atmosphere which takes up all their moisture and they become invisible again. A hazy kind of cloud known as *Cirrus* floats along in the rarified atmosphere at a height in our latitude sometimes of 30,000 feet, a height which the thunder cloud or the *cumulus* seldom reaches. The thunder cloud rarely attains an altitude of over 8,000 feet, and sometimes laden with wet trails along with its straggling rags of blackness but a few feet above the ground.

The material of which clouds are made is not vapor in its first state, which is simply moisture, humidity, the particles of which are infinitesimally small. It floats invisible in the transparent atmosphere; so long as the air remains hot the presence of moisture is not perceptible to our vision, but so soon as it comes in contact with a lower temperature its form changes into molecules of vapor and becomes opaque, in other words, condenses and becomes visible in the form of cloud.

Now, the molecules are small, invisible particles of water scarcely one two-thousandths of an inch in diameter, yet they as individuals are heavier than common air at the surface of the earth and a thunder cloud which in many instances four or five miles thick carries along with it suspended in air tens of thousands of tons of these minute molecules of water, every one of which is heavier than common air.

In humble acknowledgment of our ignorance we ask what is it that sustains this vast quantity of water in an atmosphere which has much less gravity? These questions remain unanswered. They have been slurred over by meteorologists. Some have essayed verbosity where reason failed and they are not solved. In some atmospheres maybe electrical complexity has brought it about. But by what astonishing chemistry of the air is so vast a body of water upheld? We must confess that with our utmost knowledge we are only trifling with the surface of things. Their inner workings defy us. These vast traveling reservoirs of water, this aerial ocean at the bottom of which we live, has many wonders too vast for us to explore.

Friday, August 17, 1860.

The demoralizing effects of yesterday's storm was clearly marked on the morals and the physique of Camp Elder. True the wreckage had been cleared away or piled up in as much order as the incongruous mass would permit, but no effort was made to reconstruct above what absolute and immediate necessity required. Some of our party are anxious to get away. And it was given out that Sunday would be our last day and that we would entertain on that day.

Saturday, August 18, 1860.

Notice was posted yesterday that Monday, August 20th, would be the closing day of Camp Elder, and that a free entertainment would be given on Sunday afternoon and a distribution on Monday of all such properties of the camp as the company did not intend to remove. This matter was left entirely at the discretion of Captain Thomas.

Sunday, August 19, 1860.

A large orderly company assembled at Camp Elder on Sunday and partook of a mammoth clam chowder prepared by "Over" for the occasion, and who took upon himself a vast amount of glory in both the chowder and the service. Our company consisted mainly of friends and excursionists from the summer hotels and boarding houses of the mainland and guests from John C's. The weather was delightful and some remained with us all night.

Many of our visitors were persons who had been in touch with us almost daily during our stay on the island, and we left with their assurances that we had made ourselves very popular through our courtesy to every one coming in contact with us socially or through curiosity, that the people on the mainland had been entirely satisfied with our conduct and that no breach of good behavior had taken place on the island during our stay and that we would be welcomed again next year.

Monday, August 20, 1860.

At ten o'clock A. M. it being early flood we bade adieu to Elder Island probably forever, having spent twenty-six days of unremitting pleasure amid its barren attractions. Never was so much pleasure crowded into any other twenty-six days of our lives. "Over" was left in charge of the properties, and Mr. Thomas to immediately return after depositing us on the mainland, and take charge of, remove or dispose of assets.

At twelve o'clock we landed at Bedell's Landing. Our party immediately dispersed; many probably never to meet again.

Friday, September 20, 1861.

The Long Island Railroad was a great convenience to us and to other hundreds. To-day the last train passed over its track on Atlantic Street to South Ferry. The road has made its terminal at Long Island City and its future line lies entirely without the City of Brooklyn. This was a serious and expensive blow to the railroad company, and not less to the City of Brooklyn, and nobody was benefited. During the past years the company had constructed many extensions and branches to the trunk line and laid some double tracks. Back in 1851 the road was giving pretty general satisfaction to its patrons and was

seeking to extend its usefulness. It had constructed a tunnel under Atlantic Street in the City of Brooklyn from Boerum Street to the South Ferry, a distance of nearly a mile, at a vast expense to allay the tumult created by a small number of agitators about a surface steam road in a business thoroughfare. This seemed to have given satisfaction and friction ceased for a while. The road became prosperous and the shopkeepers and the retail trade of the City of Brooklyn were being vastly benefited by the success of the road.

In the course of a few years agitation again began and many foolish and inequitable exactions were imposed upon the road, none to the credit of the City of Brooklyn. Finally, a movement was started to compel the removal of steam from Atlantic Street altogether, or surrender its charter. The objections raised were, that steam was unsightly, dangerous to life, smoke from the engines unhealthful and detrimental to the growth of the city, and injurious to values in real estate.

In consequence of this continual agitation of public opinion upon this subject the railroad company became satisfied that there could be no lasting peace, determined to abandon Atlantic Street and frame a route entirely without the city and thus end the relentless war.

And as no railroad can be successfully operated without a terminal at a water front, the company selected Hunter's Point, Long Island City, for the future western terminal of their road. All this was a great injustice and hardship to the railroad company, considering the efforts made by it to give satisfaction to their patrons and the public generally. All having failed, to-day the last locomotive passed over the tracks between Flatbush Avenue and South Ferry, and Brooklyn is now to be deprived of the vast amount of traffic and trade brought into the city through the now diverted travel on the Long Island Railroad.

Many patrons of the road doing business in the City of Brooklyn and the lower part of the City of New York, and having homes either temporarily or permanently in Jamaica, Rockville Centre, Freeport and Hempstead and generally along the whole line will necessarily be obliged to give up their residences in consequence of the great inconvenience of reaching them by the new route.

, 1865.

Last evening was our first attendance at a meeting of the Ethnological Society after our election as member. The meeting of last evening was also a social one and was held at the home of Hon. George Fulsom, on Second Avenue, New York. A paper was read by Professor Albert S. Bickmore. This society was founded in 1842 by Hon. Albert Gallatin, for many years Secretary of the Treasury of the United States. He was the first president of the society and continued so until his death in 1849.

In the organization of the society he was aided by Edward Robinson, John H. Stephens, John R. Bartlett, Theodore Dwight, Dr. Hawkes and others.

The objects of the society are the prosecution of inquiries into the origin, progress and characteristics of the various races of men, especially into the origin and history of the aboriginal American races and all phenomena connected therewith, the diversity of language, the remains of ancient art and traces of ancient civilization in Mexico, Central America and Peru; the arts, sciences and mythology of the pre-Columbian people of America, their earthworks and other remains.

The officers of the society at the present are:

George Fulsom, LL.D.	President
Thomas Ewbank	Vice-Presidents
John Torrey }	
William H. Thompson, M.D.	Corresponding Secretary
Henry R. Stiles	Recording Secretary
Henry T. Drowne	Librarian
Alexander I. Cotheal	Treasurer

Among the active members of this society and who were named upon its various committees were: E. George Squier, E. H. Davis, M.D., Prof. Louis Agassiz, J. Hammond Trumball, J. C. Nott, M.D., Paul Du Chaillu, J. Carson Brevoort, Ivan N. Navano, M.D., George Bancroft, Charles L. Brace, Charles E. West, Col. Charles C. Jones, Jr., Daniel G. Brinton, Charles Rau, John G. Shea, T. Stafford Drowne, the writer, and many others, representative men in the learned pursuits and professions.

The paper read by Professor Bickmore last evening was of unusual interest to us, giving a synopsis of his residence of five years in the Malay Archipelago and of his pursuits during that period. The great library of Mr. Fulsom consisting of about 10,000 volumes was also thrown open for the inspection of guests.

Wednesday, July 5, 1865.

Went yesterday to Jamaica for the dual purpose of escaping the tumult of Independence Day in the city and of paying our respects to John J. Armstrong who had been selected by the village committee of Jamaica on Fourth of July celebration to deliver the address.

The address was in all respects a genuine historical resume of Queens County, noting in periods, its great advancement in the arts of social life, agriculture and politics from the earliest settlement of the country down to commencement of the great Civil War with the southern states.

John J. Armstrong had been an uncompromising national democrat, but his address rose above all party prejudices, and he closed in a stirring appeal to his hearers to stand by the national flag at the present trying moments of the government in reorganization with the same rigid determination that they had during the war, the last gun

had been fired, Galveston in Texas the last southern port in rebellion had surrendered and raised the stars and stripes over its ramparts one week ago to-day. But the work is not over yet to form a healthful and lasting peace requires more diplomacy in rulers and steadfastness in the people than to carry on a successful war.

He complimented Queens County upon the promptness with which her citizens responded to the call of the country for aid in the suppression of the national disorder. His peroration was a most eloquent eulogium upon the martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. His oration was in the highest degree typical of the man and the true patriot.

We took dinner with Mr. Armstrong and returned the same day benefited.

Wednesday, June 12, 1867.

This season the South Side Railroad has been completed and opened from Babylon to Bushwick and Long Island City with connections at Jamaica. This new south side route is through Springfield, Valley Stream, Pearsalls, Rockville Centre, Amityville, etc. The road lies through the most densely populated portion of Long Island, and both road and population anticipate great results from this enterprise. It is a boon to us individually. Work is also progressing on the road to Patchogue and will be open to traffic next season.

A road is also being constructed to connect Valley Stream with Far Rockaway, and is expected to be opened next season, being the first railroad to reach this very popular summer resort. All this will innure much to the opening up of the country to settlers and much to the emolument of the railroad company.

December, 1865.

After 1861 we had become more closely identified with city life and affairs, consequently fewer entries were made in the Journal having relation to Long Island matters and things, although much of our time was spent at the old homestead. These visits continued up to my father's death in 1865, after which our visits were no less frequent, but for another purpose, to visit my mother, and were without other incident. After my father's death the South Bay lost its attractiveness, and we have visited it but once since.

From 1861 our Journal had become a record of city events and but little opportunity was afforded for noting affairs of Queens County, except on very rare occasions, and when events were exceptionally important from our point of view.

Sunday, April 19, 1868.

Attended the funeral of Hon. George Hall who died April 16th. Henry W. Beecher preached the funeral sermon from the front stoop of Mr. Hall's residence, 37 Livingston Street. The street was crowded

with people for nearly a block. It was the largest funeral that had ever taken place in this city.

Mr. Hall was the first Mayor of the City of Brooklyn. He was born in New York in 1795. While he was yet a child his father purchased a small farm at Flatbush, and moved there, and George continued to live there until the war with Great Britain broke out.

The first office held by Mr. Hall was that of one of the trustees of the village of Brooklyn in 1826. In 1833, he was elected president of the village. The following year he was elected mayor of the city. In 1844 he was the temperance candidate for the same office, and was defeated by Joseph Sprague. In 1845 he was the voting candidate for the same office and was again defeated.

After the consolidation of Williamsburgh with Brooklyn, and during the "Know Nothing" excitement, Mr. Hall being identified with that order did again in 1854 receive the nomination for mayor and was elected over Martin Kalbfleisch who strongly opposed the "Know Nothings."

Thus Mr. Hall was the first Mayor of the City of Brooklyn, after incorporation and as first mayor under its consolidation with Williamsburgh.

During his term of office the cholera prevailed in Brooklyn to such an extent as to cause a panic, but Mayor Hall by prompt measures did much to prevent the spread of the disease and allay the fears of the people. He went personally into the thickest of the scourge, caused the prompt removal of victims, had houses cleaned out, fumigated and adopted other measures to suppress the disease in which he was successful. For his noble efforts in behalf of the people he was presented by his fellow citizens with the house No. 37 Livingston Street in which he died. A volume might be filled with the noble acts of Mayor Hall. The people had faith in him. He was well known on Long Island. His summer vacations were spent at various points on the south side when unencumbered by public office. We met him at Quogue in 1843. He was as popular with the plain south side baymen as with the aristocratic citizens of Brooklyn. Many anecdotes are told of him while dwelling among them. He was personally acquainted with Raynor Rock Smith and attested to his generous and unselfish character. Mr. Hall visited Hicks Neck at the time of the wreck of the "Mexico" and rendered all the assistance in his power as mayor, and otherwise to alleviate the distressed condition of the relatives of the unfortunates.

November 28, 1869.

On the 16th of November, 1869, Hon. E. George Squier, Chairman of a Special Committee, heretofore appointed by the American Ethnological Society, submitted the following preamble and resolution to the society at its rooms, New York City:

"WHEREAS, At a late meeting of the American Ethnological Society of New York, in view of its limitations and inefficiency under its present organization for profitable scientific work, your committee was appointed to consider the feasibility of a reorganization to broaden its field of usefulness and give it rank and efficiency for scientific work. Now, in consideration of above, it was

"Resolved, That the American Ethnological Society be dissolved and that all moneys and other property belonging to said society be transferred to the new organization to be called the Anthropological Society."

This resolution was adopted and a committee appointed by the meeting with power to call a meeting of the members of the old society and all persons interested in anthropological studies to decide upon a method of organization for the new society, and also to prepare a constitution and by-laws for the government of the proposed new society and to do other acts for its proper management. This resolution was adopted and the following committee appointed: Hon. E. George Squier, William H. Thompson, M.D., Hon. Chas. P. Daly, Prof. Charles Rau, Hon. Chas. C. Jones, Jr., George Gibbs, Prof. Charles E. West, Alexander Cotheal, Daniel M. Tredwell and Henry T. Drowne, D.D. On the 28th of November, 1869, the new society was organized under the title of the American Anthropological Society of New York, with E. George Squier, President, and Henry T. Drowne, Secretary.

The committee recommended that the society at its next monthly meeting take up for discussion the special subject of the various Indian tribes of Long Island and that Judge Chas. P. Daly read a paper before the society upon the subject, and that the members prepare themselves for its discussion, thus eliciting all the known facts within the body of the society at once with a view to publication, and to adopt other methods for obtaining information which may result in a better knowledge of the habits, mode of life and civilization of this interesting people prior and subsequent to the innovation of the white man.

These papers were probably in the possession of Secretary Drowne at the time of his death; we have been unable to find them, but we were present at the discussions, which were protracted through several meetings, and heard all the discussions, and all that come within the limits of these Reminiscences have been embodied, as we remember them, in another place of the work.

Saturday, April 12, 1873.

"Home, Sweet Home," is the product or property of Long Island; hence we deem a transcription of this entry from our diary worthy of

insertion here. On the first of April last F. Dana Reid, Fred T. Hoyt, and the writer were appointed a committee of the Faust Club of Brooklyn to visit the home of John Howard Payne, at East Hampton, Long Island, to collect and report facts which may be of service in the erection of a monument to the memory of the poet, dramatist and statesman.

The Faust Club of Brooklyn was organized to provide a place for the social gatherings of gentlemen belonging to the several professions, artists, actors, authors, lawyers, physicians and musicians. There are some ministers in the club, but its atmosphere is not theological.

One charming feature of the Faust Club is its Saturday night entertainments embracing exhibitions in art, music, drama and original readings. On one of these occasions Gabriel Harrison read a paper on the life and work of John Howard Payne, which aroused an interest so intense in the neglected author and dramatist among the members of the club that a movement was set on foot at once to erect a testimonial to Payne in the Prospect Park, Brooklyn, hence this committee.

The trip of the committee to East Hampton was without incident. East Hampton is an inconsiderable village of straggling houses, windmills and wells with oaken buckets, identical with the old well at Stockbridge which inspired Samuel Woodworth to write the song of "The Old Oaken Bucket," destined to an immortality equal to "Home, Sweet Home."

The first marked feature of the place to a stranger is the legions of geese there, and flocks of these white-fledged bipeds dotting the pretty green landscape of the main street is a picturesque sight. A large goose pond is maintained on this one street for the pleasure of this privileged class. It certainly was never intended for adornment. In fact, East Hampton is satirized as a goose paradise. And why not? India had her sacred Ganza. Egypt worshipped and embalmed her Abu Hanza. Rome feasted and sacrificed to her sacred Anser. Ancient Germany had her miracle performing Gans. Any why should East Hampton not even up with the ancients and have her Gander heaven?

The original grant for the territory on which East Hampton stands was obtained by Theophilus Eaton, Governor of New Haven, and Edward Hopkins, Governor of Connecticut. It was purchased for a party of Puritans. The grant embraced 30,000 acres. In its administration of early law the Blue Laws of Connecticut were vigorously enforced and the whipping post was in vogue. Their first dwellings were of very rude construction, without glass in the windows, with straw roofs and wooden chimnies plastered inside. Its government was under the jurisdiction of Connecticut. In its early history whale oil became a staple product of export.

The modern village is about one and a half miles long, consisting of one street 150 feet wide on the nether end of which is Pudding Hill, so named from an incident of the Revolution in which Peggy

Hedges resented the familiarity of some impudent British soldiers by opening fire upon them with scalding hot pudding delivered from a long-handled ladle. It is said that in their haste to get from under fire the soldiers forgot to take their guns.

Legend says that this land was visited by Europeans long before the Pilgrims set foot upon Plymouth Rock. Thorvold, son of Eric the Red, sailed from Vineland, Rhode Island in 1003 A. D. to explore new lands west and south. In describing the first land touched, he says: "All the shore was shoal and free from rocks and covered with fine sand. The country was flat and the forests extended down to the ocean." This description answers for the south or ocean side of Long Island at East Hampton, there being no other place it fits so well, or fits at all, and hence for this and other reasons it is claimed to apply. Be this as it may, the well-groomed East Hampton of to-day does not appear to us a place calculated to awaken emotions like "Home, Sweet Home," in a man with a temperament of John Howard Payne. It seems to us like a place stunted in its development, unfinished, as compared with other known places. It has but one side to its character and morals, it is all goodness. Its one shady street, its closely-mown lawns, its neatly-kept cottages, always in its Sunday clothes, and on its good behavior. No side streets where filth and vice lurks, leaves you in a sea of doubt if smoking, chewing and spitting in the street is not a public offence. The geese are immune. And yet we believe East Hampton to be one of the most charming places in the world to spend two or three months a year at, just to recuperate from bad city habits, but as a village hospice or hamlet the place is defective, incomplete. It was never finished. It is not all there.

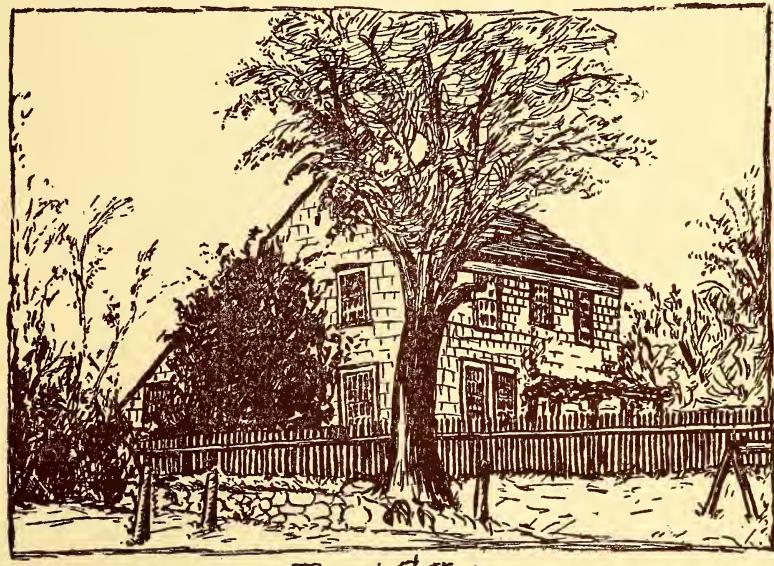
It is deficient in the elements which go to make up a healthy community; there are no antagonisms. It has a positive, but no negative pole, there is no vice, no crime, no impiety—no police, no courts of justice. But there is a record showing that in 1656 a woman named Netty Strange was brought before a tribunal and fined £3 or to stand one hour with a cleft stick upon her tongue for saying that her husband had brought her to a place where there was neither gospel or magistracy. The woman must have been in error. The impetus of East Hampton, or Maidstone as it was first called, to be good began with its origin. It came to be settled as follows:

Oliver Cromwell, John Hampden, his cousin, and John Milton, his Latin secretary, and a band of Puritan brothers were destined for America, and Cromwell, Hampden and Milton were to accompany them, and who had actually shipped for that purpose, but were arrested just as the vessel was to sail. The band of Puritans, however, bearing the signet of Cromwell succeeded in reaching Salem and thence to Long Island (a few years later) founded the village of Maidstone in 1649. The first meeting house was built in 1652; thatch roof. Had the Pretender, the Commoner and the Poet, three of the greatest men

of their day, succeeded and got to East Hampton, the wildest Quixotic postulate could but feebly express the probable political results on the country had such an event taken place, and as to "Home, Sweet Home," it probably would have been mistaken for a paraphrase on "Paradise Lost."

However, the one great fact that everywhere on earth where "Home ever so Humble" is honored and revered, East Hampton is embalmed in song.

Among those known to us and to whom East Hampton stood for home, were Hon. Alfred Conklin, Lyman Beecher, who long resided here. Of others whose home or birthplace it was, were Lyon Gardiner, John Osborne, Roscoe Conklin, T. DeWitt Talmage and Thomas Moran, the latter a painter of world reputation. The names Milford, Talmage, Osborne, Hedges, Conklin and Dayton are survivals. Lyon Gardiner and several of the above named were of the Cromwell school of politics.



Payne's Cottage.

The old homestead of Payne, the object of our search, was easily located. It is a typical building of its period. It stands nearly opposite the ancient residence of Lyon Gardiner, adjacent to the Clinton Academy (now Town Hall).

The latter, the first institution of the kind on Long Island, once occupied high rank among the educational institutions of the state. It was founded by Samuel Buel, in 1785, and of which William Payne,

the father of John Howard, was many years principal. Payne's mother was a Jewess. Her maiden name was Isaacs. Representatives of the Isaacs family still survive here. The largest country store we have ever seen is located here and bears the name of A. M. Payne on its modest and faded sign.

The committee reported to the club on Saturday, April 12, 1873. The following are some of the many things reported:

John Howard Payne was not born in East Hampton. He had two sisters and one brother born here, but he was born at 33 Pearl Street in the City of New York, June 9, 1791. In his youth Payne was undoubtedly a prodigy on the stage. He never, however, became a matured actor.

Payne's love for good old East Hampton was very great, and that affection followed him in all his wanderings and breathed through all his vast correspondence during his entire life, to the last old letters shown us (and we were shown many souvenirs of the kind), he writes endearingly of his loved old East Hampton, of the people, remembering many of them by name, the old festivals and often referring sorrowingly to his painful exile. Many letters were presented by individuals to the Faust Club through its committee. These letters afterward became the property of Gabriel Harrison as the biographer of Payne, and finally fell into the hands of Thomas J. McKee, the great dramatic collector, and were sold by his executors in 1904 by John Anderson, Auctioneer.

There is no doubt that Payne's "Home, Sweet Home" was an effusion of that affection which he felt for East Hampton, but the song was written in Paris "when he stood homeless amid a thousand homes, a stranger amid the throngs that sway and jostle and rush madly past him, or cheered the streets of laughing Paris." These thoughts of loneliness we are told, moved the young Ishmaelite to tears and produced that plaintive song, "Home, Sweet Home," which is destined to linger in the world's memory with a pathetic affection to the end of time.

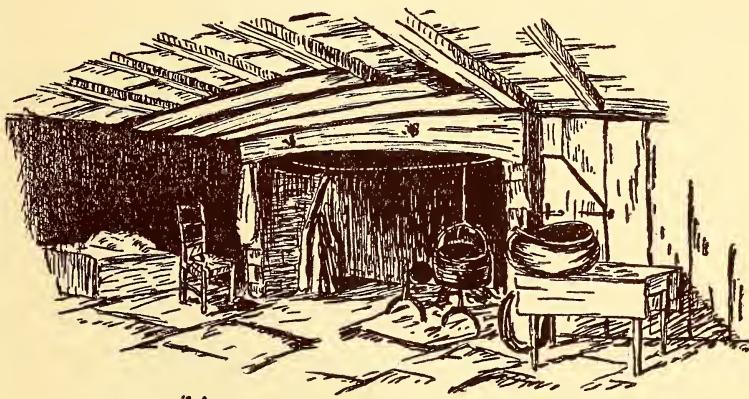
Payne was little more than a boy when he left his home and began the life of a nomad. He wandered in Europe and Asia, and acquired fame and success, but he never lost his love for his old home.

It is a somewhat singular fact that "Home, Sweet Home" should have had its first hearing and success in the old world. It was on the occasion of May 8, 1823, at the Royal Theatre, Covent Garden, that Miss Maria Tree, a sister of the famous actress Ellen Tree, first gave voice to the wonderful song in the first performance of "Clari, the Maid of Milan," a play written by Payne with musical settings by Henry R. Bishop. It is characteristic that although this song won a wealthy husband for the singer, and made a fortune for the theatre and the publisher, it netted little to Payne. The words and not the melody gave the song its fame, for the air was not new, Bishop had used it on another work without success. The simple eloquence and beauty

of Payne's words with the "lump in the throat" made the song immortal.

"Home, Sweet Home" was first heard in America, December, 1823, at the Prune Theater, 518 Locust Street, Philadelphia. The play "Clari" was produced there about seven months after its performance at the Covent Garden. Mrs. H. A. Williams sang the song which was received with marvelous enthusiasm by the countrymen of the homesick poet.

Payne died in 1852 at the consulate at Tunis in Algiers, sighing to the last for the rural simplicity of his loved East Hampton. And in 1888, fifty-six years after, his remains were brought to this country and deposited in Oak Hill Cemetery, Washington. Of the many monuments in the Federal City none is visited by so many pilgrims as the shrine of the wandering, homeless actor.



"Home Sweet Home" - Payne's Interior.

We were courteously received by the inmates of the homestead, and who offered every facility to us in acquiring information and in taking photographs and drawings. Every old inhabitant of East Hampton knew Payne personally, or believed that he did, and each had some reminiscence of him to relate. An old citizen of the place, a relative, said that at the same time Payne was a pupil of his father's at the academy (now town hall), he was being taught the English language and literature by private tuition, and that beautiful chirography which characterized all his manuscript through life was acquired while a pupil of Miss Phebe Filer, a very worthy but pessimistic old lady whose method for moral instruction was to interest pupils by the relation of stories of ghosts, hobgoblins and haunted places, some of which were of very questionable moral tendency. On the whole, however, it is probable that her methods inflicted no evil, but aggregated good on Payne.

One of the old citizens whom we interviewed, said that Howard Payne was the handsomest youth on Long Island. He was older than me, said he, and he walked about with his head down. He was a very thoughtful and precocious boy. William Payne, the father, was much opposed to young Howard going on the stage, and it is said that on the first night he stood behind the scenes weeping, while the audience was in a frenzy of applause.

The very atmosphere of the east end of Long Island is full of marine and Indian legends. The Montauk Indians who occupied the territory in their day were a proud and warlike sub-tribe of the Algonkins, and many queer traditions concerning them have been preserved. On the Sag Harbour Road, north of East Hampton, is a spot called Whooping Boy Hollow. At this place an Indian chief's son was brutally murdered many years ago, and ever since, after dark are frequently heard there the screams of a child for help. Many of the people about here have full faith in this story.

East from East Hampton is a remarkable Lebanon cedar tree, whose flat table-like top is a mass of foliage, and the great strength of its outlying branches can support thirteen persons at one time. Why the magic number? "This tree," says Payne, "is immortalized by the old tale of an Indian massacre and miraculous escape." This seems to be another version of the Fort Pond, or Kongonok legend. In old colonial times near this place an Indian pow-wow was held at which the Devil presided. (So said the Puritan whites.) Two Puritans, however, smuggled themselves into the banquet and they succeeded in making it so uncomfortably hot for the Devil that he quit the feast and the salvation of three souls marked by his satanic majesty for destruction were saved.

These fugitive relations of East Hampton might be multiplied indefinitely were we to include the annals of its seaboard. For the legends of its disasters by sea (shipwrecks) in the oral literature of the yoemen of East Hampton are voluminous and pathetic, but these annals or legends are fraught with painful associations and are not pertinent to the inquiry.

The following instance, however, appeals to us a remarkable coincidence: Twenty-six graves in the East Hampton burying ground tell a tale of suffering with a humane and merciful setting.

On the night of January 19, 1858, during a fearful snowstorm, the clipper ship "John Milton" of 1,500 tons burden, from the South Pacific bound for New York, was wrecked at this place. She had a crew of twenty-six persons, all of whom perished during the night, and their bodies were found scattered along the beach the next morning. The performance of the sacred act of gathering their bodies and giving them a respectable burial redounds to the glory of East Hampton.

From East Hampton to Montauk Point a history of the south beach would be a continuous tale of horrors. The coincidence which impelled the relation of the above catastrophe is, that, as John Milton, the poet and philosopher was not permitted through political interposition to reach the shores of Long Island; 200 years later the noble ship bearing his name, came to an inglorious end at the very spot destined for Milton's home and final resting place. So terrific was this storm that not a vestige of the ship "John Milton" was to be seen the next morning.

On the 3d day of September, 1873, was erected in Prospect Park a colossal bronze bust of John Howard Payne. It was erected by the Faust Club of Brooklyn, and was presented to the city by Thomas Kinsella, President of the Club, and Gabriel Harrison, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, and received by James S. T. Stranahan, President of the Park Commission, on behalf of the City of Brooklyn.

Hon. William C. De Witt was the orator of the unveiling.

Tuesday, April 15, 1873.

After finishing our labors at East Hampton, the Faust Club Committee took their departure for Fire Place, where an entertainment, gotten up by a friend of the members of the committee, awaited them. This journey, a distance of about forty miles, we elected to make by private conveyance, there being no direct railroad connection. We consequently made an arrangement and left East Hampton at five o'clock this morning, and after one of the most delightful drives, at easy stages, much of the time in full sight of the bay and ocean, and passing through many charming small settlements, we arrived at Fire Place at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Fire Place, also known historically as Setauket South, Conetquot and more recently as South Haven is a little hamlet whose frequent rebaptisms have failed to invest it with a spirit of advance in its commercial or political life. It is a group of dwelling houses, Suffolk club house, schoolhouse, church, a public house and many mills clustered about an artificial lake on the Carman River. Historians and geographers have sadly confused Carman's and Conetquot Rivers, using indifferently one for the other.

Fire Place was aboriginally known as the camping ground of the Long Island tribes for purposes of exchange, barter or renewing the council fire.

It was an aboriginal clearing house on standard wampum, under the great Sachem of Patchogues, Chief of the Exchequer, but he moved

away and the people followed the traffic, and public spirit seems to have gone after the retiring inhabitants. But the place is not in decay, it is neat and clean, everybody is well dressed, healthy and happy.

In the early part of the present century a whaling crew, more than half of whom were Indians, was maintained here. Their huts and lookout were on the beach, but their allegiance was to Fire Place. They lived on the beach through the season and watched the sea day by day ready to put to sea when they saw a whale blow. Their supplies came from the mainland and a watch was set for the signal fire to send a boat over when supplies were low. When a light flashed up at night the crew would row across the bay heading directly for the light. After they had shipped their supplies the fire was put out, and a corresponding light was seen on the beach to guide them back. In this way Fire Place got its original name. These fires were lighted at Fire Place Neck.

Strolling about the place in the afternoon of our arrival we were attracted by a pair of loons sporting on the mill pond, and no doubt trout fishing, when a native in an effort to be agreeable—and successfully so, addressed us—"Them's a queer bird neighbor," said he, "you might spend a life time gunning for them and die of old age without bagging a bird. They are dreadfully long lived, some of them live two or three hundred years." We were now getting interested and asked for his evidence of their great age. "Why," said he, "about thirty years ago Jim Horton, down east here, killed one of them loons who had an arrow head in his neck just above the shoulder. Now, no white man ever used the bow and arrow to shoot loons, and it has been 150 years since any Indian did it; that will make, allowing for the age of the bird when killed, nearly 200 years." That is a strange story thought we, and we pursued the subject no further.

P. S.—But since the above was told us we find the same story repeated in Giraud's "Birds of Long Island," published in 1844. Giraud was an ornithologist and was collecting specimens for his book at Mastic, and this identical bird was brought to him by Horton, or some other person. He bought it and made an incision in the neck and removed the stone; the shaft was very small and of the same variety used by the Long Island Indians for small game; it was imbedded between the *cervical vertebra* and the *cutis vera*, two skins, completely healed over, and to all appearances had been healed many years. The arrow head was preserved, and it is believed by experts that that kind had not been used on Long Island for



JOHN HOWARD PAYNE STATUE
Presented to the City of Brooklyn by the Faust Club

at least one hundred years. Had it not been for our familiarity with Giraud's "Birds of Long Island" this singular coincident would not have been brought to light. We remember when Giraud or Ward went over Long Island collecting natural history specimens it was about 1841 or 42.

During the short stay of the committee at Fire Place we did not learn that it was much noted for anything except as a rendezvous for sporting men, for gunning and fishing in which sports it greatly excelled.

Wednesday, April 16, 1873.

This morning we were treated to a drive over a very sandy road to an Indian reservation at Mastic Neck, distant from here about two miles. The reservation consists of about 200 acres of land belonging to a remnant of the Setauket or Poospahtuck Indians, there are not more than forty or fifty of them left, none of pure blood. They have a schoolhouse, church and about fifteen or twenty little shanties scattered over the reservation.

Mastic Neck is located on the Forge River, the Poospahtucks at one time extended their domain from Fire Place to Pouquogue. General Nathaniel Woodhull owned a large plantation on Mastic Neck, and General William Floyd one of the signers, owned a large tract adjoining. About thirty miles east from here at Old Fort Pond in the Shinnecock reservation almost exclusively occupied now by negroes with little or no Indian blood.

Tappen Reeve, son of Rev. Abram Reeve, who graduated at Yale in 1731, and who preached at Fire Place in 1735, was born here at Fire Place in October, 1744. Our host was a representative of the ancient Long Island family of Reeves. Tappen Reeve, above named, graduated at Princeton in 1763. He here formed an agreeable intimacy with the daughter of President Burr, and sister of Colonel Aaron Burr, and granddaughter of Jonathan Edwards, whom he afterward married. He studied law in the Eastern States and entered upon his professional course in 1779.

In 1798 he was appointed judge of the Superior Court of Connecticut and afterward chief justice. He was the founder of the Law Academy at Litchfield, which was the most distinguished and successful in the country, over which he presided for forty years, and sent forth pupils to every part of the United States. Judge Reeve was distinguished for simplicity of manners and purity of principle and conduct. He died December 13, 1823.

Thursday, April 17, 1873.

Our host had prepared for us another surprise. To-day was to be devoted to further sight-seeing.



The St. George's Manor about three miles from here bordering upon the Great South Bay was assigned for to-day's entertainment.

This manor was founded by Colonel William Smith in 1693. Colonel Smith was known as Tangier Smith, from the fact of his having been governor of Tangier, Africa, under Charles II, and more particularly as a distinction from the Bull Smiths of Smithtown and the Rock and Waite Smiths of Hempstead, Queens County. St. George's Manor is described as extending from Fire Place (Carman's) River on the west, Mastic River on the east, the common Indian path on the north and the Atlantic Ocean on the south. A tract of probably the finest agricultural land on Long Island, consisting of 40,000 acres, a large portion of which is yet covered by a primeval forest. It is on the easterly terminus of the Great South Bay, being a neck extending entirely across the bay, except a narrow strait between it and the beach. It was conveyed to Smith by the Indian Chief Tobascus, and is now in the possession of the seventh generation of Smiths from the original Tangier Smith.

The manor house, now standing, which is the third on the same site, was built in 1810, and is a noble specimen of aristocratic home of that period, the outside being entirely of shingles. It is about eighty feet front and forty-five feet deep, and two full stories high, the front faces the west and has a clear stretch of twenty-five miles of water in front. Everything about the dwelling and other structures on the premises is in elegant repair, and nothing mars the impression

of it being the abode of comfort and luxury which lingers about those old well-preserved homesteads, and although the interior may be affected by the innovation of modern decoration, trimmings and furniture, yet enough of the antique remains to make it a most desirable place to see. The big hall, twelve feet wide, runs through the house in which there are pieces of attractive furniture belonging to the last century, some much older which came from England with William Smith 200 years ago, not a room in the house but contains some attractive piece to the lover of the antique. The present occupants are very agreeable, and show without reserve and with apparent pleasure their treasures.

They take great pride in the dignity of occupying the homestead of six generations of their ancestors who were born, lived, died and are buried there, and all had peaceful and happy lives, some of whom were farmers, sailors, lawyers, judges, legislators, etc.

According to tradition in the family some friction grew up between the Smiths and the Floyds, the latter of whom resided on the east side of the neck, and when John Smith of the third generation from Colonel William came courting Miss Betsey Floyd, her mother refused to entertain his suit and Betsey like a dutiful daughter acquiesced. John persevered some time, but finally gave up Betsey and married Lady Lydia Fanning, daughter of Lord Fanning, Governor of Prince Edwards Island, Gulf of St. Lawrence, Canada, and brought her home with him to the manor. She died at the age of fifteen, one month after her son, William, was born.

The bereaved widower's thoughts again turned toward Betsey for consolation, but she still persisted and would have nothing to do with him, and he married Mary Platt, daughter of Judge Platt of the upper Hudson. Meanwhile Betsey became the wife of Edward Holland Nicholl. When the wedding took place Mrs. Floyd the mother sent word to John Smith, that now he would never get her Betsey. Mr. Nicholl, however, died and Mrs. John Smith also died, and John again renewed his suit with Betsey, and with success, and they were finally married.

The little boy, William Smith, who was one month old when his youthful mother died was the great grandfather of the present occupant of the manor.

Major Richard Bull Smith, of Setauket, Smithtown of "Bull" rider fame, was a soldier in Cromwell's army, and bore no relation to the Tangier Smiths of St. George's Manor.

Friday, April 18, 1873.

Left Fire Place early this morning for Patchogue, the railroad terminus, and ostensibly for home. A cold penetrating fog from the Atlantic hangs like a glacial sheet over Fire Place and Mastic. The wind is bleak and raw, and penetrates to the shivering soul. To allay

these comfortless conditions without, the committee applied a miscellany of mixed comforts within.

At half-past five A. M. we bid adieu to our friends, and the land where clambakes were invented. Reached home at ten A. M.

And gave a verbal account of the work of the committee to the club on the same evening.

CHAPTER XXI

ELDER ISLAND.—MUTATIONS.—SONS OF THE REVOLUTION.—COL. C. C. JONES.—GOVERNOR SPOONER.—PROFESSOR C. E. WEST.—ACCOUNT OF HEMPSTEAD.

Thursday, June 10, 1875.



CLEMENT D. NEWMAN, George W. Sheldon and the writer met at private apartments to discuss the feasibility of organizing a local club or society for free discussion on all philosophical subjects. Much discussion was had but no immediate plan was laid out for an organization.

On the 10th of November following a meeting was called at the Law Office of William M. Ivins, and a form of organization was agreed upon, at which meeting the following gentlemen were present: Clement D. Newman, C. F. Adams, R. B. Eastman, William M. Ivins, William E. S. Fales, F. Dana Reed, John H. Hull, Daniel M. Tredwell, J. C. Robinson, W. T. Bradford, C. J. Stork, G. W. Sheldon and others. An essay was read on "What has called us together?" To which Mr. Newman responded, and Mr. Ivins at some length spoke on the desirability of an organization not limited in its purpose to creeds or parties.

This meeting resulted in the organization of the Philosophical Club of Brooklyn, with Daniel M. Tredwell, President; William M. Ivins, Vice-President, and J. C. Robinson, Secretary.

This club continued for a period of seven years. Many of the papers read before the society found their way into print through the local papers, and a pretty full report of its proceedings were published in the *Boston Index*.

Friday, July 30, 1875.

Made an excursion to the Great South Bay. Once afloat the old love for the scenery of the bay and its sports returned. Visited dear old Elder Island now scarcely recognizable. How physically unlike

the Elder Island of a few years ago. Fifteen years ago to-day we made one of a party of friends encamped amid the barren beauties of this island for a summer outing of one month (July, 1860). It was a most agreeable vacation, physically and intellectually, that it has ever been our fortune to have participated in—but how sad to review the lapsing period. Elder Island, it is true, remains here and its flora and fauna are unchanged, but we note the mutations of time upon its profile and contour. But greater still and sadder are the changes wrought upon the members of the little party of happy friends then associated for pleasure and intellectual exchange. My father has since died. Condit is dead, Chaplain Walton is dead, B—, a noble young man, a law student and one of our party sacrificed himself to his country during the Civil War. Our country was then (at the former period) upon the eve of a great and cruel civil war, the result of which no one could foretell, but of which many of the truest patriots had forebodings of evil, and many noble men were immolated upon its altar. Out of which civil war the country has now happily arisen in great majesty, and the great political heresy of Secession and State Rights settled forever. All future efforts to nullify that postulate which was the dream and idol of our ancestors, popular government, will be as futile as an effort to scrub the spots from the face of the luminary of day. McPeake is performing an engagement in Australia and Dr. Buckley (if alive) is somewhere in the Island of Cuba.

Great physical changes have also taken place at Long Beach and Jones' Beach since our familiarity with them, and judging from the inroads of the past the day is not far distant when many of these old familiar landmarks will be entirely wiped out.

Some forms of wild life hold their own through all the vicissitudes and transformations of nature and persecutions of their kind, and still present an absorbing interest to the lover of animated nature. As we stepped from our boat to the marsh at Elder Island a pair of horsefeet crawling up the shelving bank attracted our attention. There has been no change in their habits. The scene was a duplication of thousands in our experience of forty years past and of other experiences for a thousand years. The horsefoot has passed through the longest line of descent of any extant creature, whose genealogy we have heretofore traced back to the trilobite of the old Silurian, and here he is yet recognized as a survival of his race. We meet with many happy reminders of that encampment of 1860, an event never to be repeated.

The gulls (the Tern) are here yet performing the like gyration, and they seem to be the same gulls, noisy and boisterous as fifteen years ago. They appear to recognize us. Four of them are now sailing or floating high up in the air over our heads and screaming at the top of their voices, either to welcome our return, or trying to frighten us away.

We have sometimes thought the gulls from their elevated position give warning to other birds of approaching danger. We have seen them performing their graceful evolutions in the sky and screaming until the air was thick with their discord directly over a flock of yellow-leg snipes feeding on a mud flat and which a gunner was approaching stealthily. This din they kept up incessantly until the snipe became alarmed and took wing when the gulls dispersed.

The flood tide was flowing in the same graceful eddies around Elder Island Point as in 1860 when it gave so much uneasiness to the chivalric McPeake.

The sun and moon were exercising the same tidal force upon the ocean as in the days of Galileo and La Place.

Friday, September 10, 1875.

A great compliment was intended us (and we so regarded it), when in August last, 1875, we were invited by a friend prominent in official and social life in Brooklyn to become a member of the "Sons of the Revolution," an order, society or club having for its object the perpetuation of the memory of that event. This is purely a patriotic organization and meets our highest approval. The usual qualifications of character were necessary for membership, and further, that one's ancestors were loyal to the cause of the American Independence. On the latter qualification of my ancestors (not our own) we had some misgiving and determined on an investigation rather than to have a committee on membership make, after inquiry, an unfavorable report, or to be rejected on the vote for membership, or becoming a member under false representations.

It has been said by a writer on the history of Long Island that the well-to-do settlers, or planters of the main thoroughfares of Queens County resembled much in their habits and methods in social life the English country squire. Queens County was typically English (Flint). But another has said that the people of Long Island in their life resembled the old school Virginian and none the less in consequence of the ownership in negro slavery. The presence of these picturesque hereditary household servants which was pretty general among them of large landed estates lent an air of respectability. Be that as it may there is no doubt this marked nationality was the cause of so many loyalists in the revolt against English rule in the county of Queens during the Revolution. Let it be understood, however, that Independence was not the original object of the war with Great Britain, and there were thousands who favored the war as disciplinary to the mother country, believing that a calm and firm resistance would rectify all the evils complained of and memorize her that we were no longer in swaddling clothes, but were of adult age, and desired a word in the management of our affairs, but in no consideration was Independence thought of originally.

The Declaration of Independence was a breach of faith with the great mass of the American people as well as the statesmen who had in Parliament championed the American cause. And hence Queens County for its high sense of honor and respect for law and order, and love for the mother country, was characterized as the hot bed of Tories, "And every Tory is a coward," said the *Crisis*. "He that is not a supporter of the Independent States of America in the same degree that his religion and political principles would suffer him to support the government of any other country of which he called himself a subject is in the American sense of the word a Tory, and the instant he endeavored to put his Toryism into practice, he becomes a traitor, a banditti of hungry traitors." And these men thus branded ignobly as traitors were the best and most respectable citizens of the country.

It is not strange that men of Long Island, of Queens County, of Hempstead, men of conservative mould and careful nurture clung to the crown and to the established government under which they were reared and which they had sworn to maintain. It is hard to brand as unpatriotic those whom love of country stood the supreme test, but to this test these much maligned men were subjected.

Again, it is the great fallacy of writers and public men on the Revolutionary era to class every citizen who escaped the stigma of Tory, as an ardent adherent of the Revolutionary Cause of the Colonies. An exact canvass can never be known, but the best evidence can be shown that more than one-third of the best people of the country were thoroughly opposed to the Revolution, and of the other two-thirds more than one-third withheld their hearty sympathy. And that after the Revolution it was the conservative elements which remodeled the government, and not the fiery element of the Revolution, which was entirely unequipped for such work.

There were brave and honest men in America who were proud of the great and free empire to which they belonged, many of them ended their days in poverty and exile, as the supporters of a beaten cause. History has paid but a scanty tribute to their memory, and they composed some of the worthiest and ablest men America has ever produced, and they were contending for an ideal as worthy as that for which Washington fought.

It is intelligence and refinement which suffers most in times of great political revolution. Conservatism runs in the blood of the educated and refined, and a great public upheaval is their destruction. The opprobrious epithet of Tory, like all party nicknames, was used indiscriminately and as the expression of party hatred. Abuse is the argument of the ignorant. "Every Tory is a coward, for a servile, slavish, self-interested fear is at the foundation of all Toryism, and the man under such influence, though he may be cruel, cannot be brave," was the language of the Revolutionists.

This was the ordeal through which these honest men were obliged to pass, scoffed at by the ignorant rabble, and Queens County has been villified by a careless tradition, and by superficial, or prejudiced historians.

Queens County has not been from the earliest times a hot-bed of Tories, but a nursery of the noblest political principles. Honest men seeking only to do their duty to their King and native land. And let it be remembered that whatever the position of honor attained by Queens County up to the time of the Revolution, that honor was wrought by the very men who were ostracised and sent in exile.

The preamble to The Tory Act of Congress passed January 3, 1776. WHEREAS, "A majority of the inhabitants of Queens County in the Colony of New York, being incapable of resolving to live and die freemen and being more disposed to quit their liberties than to part with the little proportion of their property necessary to defend them, have deserted the American cause by refusing to send deputies as usual to the convention of that Colony, etc." Nothing could more pointedly prove the low grade of a legislative body than the use of the above language, and besides it is untrue. A large portion of the expenses of carrying on the war of the Revolution was borne by those whom the revolutionists branded as traitors. My father held in my time what represented \$1,500 in continental money which my grandfather had been forced to take at par for the produce of his farm. This purported money was not worth ten cents on a hundred dollars, nor did the government ever redeem a dollar of it.

It was also resolved as follows:

"That all such persons in Queens County as voted against sending deputies to the present convention of New York and named in a list of delinquents in Queens County published by the convention, be put out of the protection of the United Colonies, and that all trade and intercourse with them cease, and that none of the inhabitants be permitted to travel, or abide in any part of the United Colonies without a certificate from the convention, or Committee of Safety of the Colony of New York, and if found out of the said county without said certificate shall be apprehended and imprisoned for three months."

Gouverneur Morris wrote to Washington in regard to the great number of persons from Queens County now confined in our jails, of the inconvenience of crowding them, "As well as the mistake of filling their minds with the sourness of opposition and at the same time severing and enraging all their connections and giving a just claim to every person suspected of holding similar principles, and raise up numerous enemies actuated by revenge and despair. While if security be taken for their peaceable demeanor, Congress will risk much it is true from their correspondence with the enemy which cannot be avoided anyhow."

A resolution was passed stripping them of all arms and ammunition on oath.

"No lawyer shall be permitted to practice law who refused to vote," says the resolution.

We have lived to see the same blood of Queens County which was loyal to its government in the days of the Revolution stand by the government under which they lived with equal resolution in the trying days of the Civil War for secession under similar conditions. Not a descendant of those who were true to their government in the critical times of the Revolution were untrue to the country in the time of the Civil War, taking names as the criterion and the names branded as traitors in the Revolution made up three-fourths of the Rostra of Queens County in the Civil War. These families were composed of real men, solid men, patriots and not adventurers. Therefore, for the above reasons and the respect in which we hold our ancestors, and our thorough approval of their act would not permit us to misrepresent them in order to secure a membership in the "Sons of the Revolution," however desirable such fellowship might be to us. They believed they were right, and believing acted upon it, for which we respect and honor their memory. We, therefore, respectfully decline the honor.

Some years, *i. e.*, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1892, after the above entry in the Journal we travelled during the summer vacation, visiting consecutively important historical localities from Newfoundland to the Pacific in the Canadian Provinces. These were tours for pleasure and investigation on the above subject into which we had become very much interested. These tours resulted in obtaining many facts little dreamed of when the first invitation was extended to us to apply for membership in the "Sons of the Revolution." But the subject interested us and we pursued it.

First, we believe that the Declaration of Independence was far from being as popular a measure in the colonies as it was represented to be; coercion made more proselytes than conviction. Immediately on the Declaration of Independence many loyalists left the colonies, some going to Canada and others returning to England. Early in 1782 bands of loyalists had begun to leave New York and Long Island for the adjoining provinces of Canada. But the migrations which most sensibly affected Long Island (Town of Hempstead) were

those of 1783. At this latter period about three thousand emigrants, mostly from Long Island, landed at the mouth of St. John River, New Brunswick, and founded the City of St. John. Another fleet arrived a few months after with two thousand exiles who sailed directly from Huntington, Long Island, to New Brunswick. On founding the City of St. John, New Brunswick, the territory of which was a wilderness before the landing of the loyalists, Colonel Gabriel Ludlow, of Hempstead, was elected the first Mayor of the City of St. John, and remained so until his resignation in 1795.

We visited this city in 1892. It still bears many sacred memories of its early history. Its graveyard is one of the most interesting revolutionary relics on this continent. It is in the very heart of the city, and is about five acres in extent, and is the resting place of many thousands, some of whom were men of great prominence in their day in the Old Colonies. The City of St. John was the distributing centre of the early population, not only of New Brunswick, but throughout the entire Canadian border, where we find distributed some of the best blood of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Long Island, New York and the Eastern States. We trace the names Seaman, Hicks, Denton, Hewlett, Carman, Dorlan, Tredwell, Platt, Hendrickson and others scattered over Prince Edward Island, Halifax, Annpolis Royal and many other points, all of whose ancestors were presumably exiles from the States.

We of Long Island never knew the destination of our exiled families. There are families by the name of Tredwell now (1888) living in New Brunswick, about twelve miles above Frederickton, who have a tradition that their ancestors came from Long Island. The place where they landed on the St. John's River is yet known as Tredwell's Landing.

We found Tredwells in Ottawa with a similar tradition. At Pembroke, one hundred and fifty miles northwest from Ottawa on the Ottawa River, was found a considerable family of Tredwells who claim a like descent. It was the emigration

or exile of the loyalists from the different States of the Union which peopled Halifax, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick and the border provinces of Canada. Some of the best blood of Massachusetts migrated to Canada.

It is estimated that over one hundred thousand were driven over to Canada from the thirteen colonies on the close of the Revolutionary contest.

FOREWORD.

The great pertinence of the following entry, beside its general interest and the exalted character of Colonel Charles C. Jones, the subject of the sketch, is, the service he rendered to the archæology of Long Island. He made a thorough comparison of the stone remains of the State of Georgia with those of Long Island, the result of which he embodied in a paper read before the American Ethnological Society of New York, in which he demonstrated the identity in structure of the Long Island remains with those of Georgia, and also the contemporaneity of the stone age of the two sections. During the ten years of his abode North Colonel Jones spent his summers at a little hamlet on Long Island, where he pursued his studies and produced his greatest works.

Wednesday, June 14, 1876.

Had the honor of attending the Centennial at Philadelphia as a delegate to the International Archæological Congress from the State of New York, my associate member from New York was General L. P. Di Cesnoli.

The right to name a permanent president for the Congress was accorded to New York, and Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., LL.D., of Georgia, was selected and qualified. Colonel Jones was at that time a citizen of Brooklyn, N. Y.

He was by inheritance a wealthy planter, born in Savannah, Georgia, October 28, 1831. His early education he received from his father and a private tutor. He entered South Carolina College, at Columbia, in 1848, and matriculated at Nassau Hall, Princeton, N. J., in 1850, and received his A.B. in that college in 1852, and subsequently graduated at Cambridge, Mass.



Charles C. Jones, Jr.

Having selected the law as a profession he attended a course at Columbia, N. Y., and went as a student in the law office of Samuel H. Perkins, Esq., of Philadelphia, and afterwards received his degree of LL.B. from the Harvard University, at Cambridge, 1855. Besides his regular course he attended lectures of Professor Agassiz, Longfellow, Lowell and Holmes, and commenced his professional life a member of the law firm of Ward, Owen & Jones.

At the time of the breaking out of the Civil War he was Mayor of the City of Savannah. He resigned the mayoralty and attached himself to the Chatham Artillery, July, 1861. He afterwards became Colonel of Artillery with headquarters at Savannah. In this capacity he came in contact with all the notables of the Confederacy, and at one time was tendered the rank of Brigadier-General of Infantry, which he declined.

After the war and in 1865 Colonel Jones removed to New York having been despoiled of his property in Georgia, and became a member of the commercial law firm of Ward, Jones & Whitehead of the City of New York, making his home at Brooklyn, however, at number 212 Clinton Street. He was a dignified and high-minded citizen, and with his family identified himself with the important charitable, benevolent and literary institutions of the city. He devoted himself, however, more seriously to history and science than to law. He was a prolific writer and his name appears as author to more than forty volumes of no inconsiderable bulk in History, Archaeology, Ethnology, Biography and Mythology, many of which related to the aborigines of the Southern States. His works have all had a wide circulation in this country and in Europe, and on archaeological science Colonel Jones was recognized as an authority. He also produced a vast amount of literature in lectures. He was a member of many learned societies both here and in Europe, and has twice been complimented with the degree of LL.D.

In 1878 Colonel Jones left Brooklyn and returned to Georgia, and was subsequently created Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature of that State, and died in 1893 before the expiration of his judicial term.

The following account of the seizure of a portion of the archaeological collection of Colonel Jones and its restitution and final disposition was current at the Ethnological Society in 1865.

During the famous march of General Sherman through Georgia, one of the plantations or country seats of Colonel Jones fell into the hands of General Sherman's troops, and a sergeant reported to General Sherman that an abandoned

residence within their lines contained a museum of Indian relics. Sherman knew the significance of such property, and immediately repaired to the mansion and found a carefully and well arranged collection of several thousand specimens of Indian stone implements consisting of stone axes, arrow heads, celts, spears, mortars, chisels, gouges, spindle wheels and other works of aboriginal art and industry, chipped, ground and polished with pipes and pottery arranged in complete chronological order representing the stone or neolithic age of the Southern States. They were the product of one hundred and twenty Indian mounds or tumuli of Georgia and adjoining States, which Colonel Jones had personally opened at his own expense of time and money. It is said that the objects in his private collection amounted to over 20,000.

The builders of these mounds were the Creeks, Seminoles, Cherokees and Choctaws, who spread over Georgia, South Carolina and Alabama. All of these tribes have been removed to a reservation in Oklahoma. These relics were labelled and numbered, forming the most extensive and probably only scientifically arranged collection ever brought together covering that territory.

General Sherman took possession of the precious evidences of an archaic civilization, and had them packed with scrupulous care and exactness, avoiding the displacement of a single example, and sent them to Washington, D. C. They were placed in custody of Professor Charles Rau, curator of that department of the Smithsonian Institute, who was a close and personal friend of Colonel Jones, being a co-worker in the American Ethnological Society of New York.

After the war, friends interceded, and permission was granted to restore the collection to the owner, as not being contraband or subject to confiscation. Professor Rau, curator of the Museum at Washington, and the officers of the Ethnological Society in charge at New York, arranged that the collection should be delivered at New York at a special meeting of the New York Society. The collection was conse-

quently delivered by Professor Rau to the Society, was unpacked and displayed on tables in its rooms in as nearly the same order, as possible, as found in the Jones mansion in Georgia, and a call issued for a special meeting for the formal delivery. Of all this Colonel Jones had no information.

On the evening of the meeting, which was attended by only a few members of the Ethnological Society and personal friends, Colonel Jones was conducted to the rooms and confronted by his life-work—a work which had engrossed the intellectual side of the man for years. No language, says our informant, could adequately describe that meeting, which it is believed was a complete surprise to Colonel Jones, and appeared to overwhelm him with emotion, and in a few choking words attempted to answer Professor Rau's presentation and express his gratitude. In the course of his remarks, he said, "I am struggling to determine what disposition to make of these relics that will best serve my friends and their usefulness, and while standing here I have hastily resolved to (with your approbation) present them to the American Museum of Natural History of New York, as a humble testimony to the American Ethnological Society of New York of my appreciation of their uniform kindness to me for the past ten years."

"It was never my fortune," said the relator, "to attend so remarkable a meeting—not for the words uttered as for the eloquence of the sentiment unuttered."

The Museum accepted the donation, and the collection is now on exhibition in the archæological department of the American Museum of Natural History of the City of New York, and may be known and identified by the signature in initials C. C. J. and numbers on each piece in Colonel Jones' characteristic handwriting. Their identification is beyond any possible dispute.

How many objects there were in this restored collection or what relation it bore to Colonel Jones' entire collection I am unable to say.

One word and we close this little episode of side history. We believe that Colonel Jones, with whom we were personally acquainted before the Civil War, was not an enthusiastic supporter of the radical measures of the South, but that he was influenced or coerced by associations in deserting his Alma Mater and throwing his influence with the seceding States.

Be that as it may, immediately after the war he sought Northern associations, and during ten subsequent years lived among us, respected and honored. He produced his greatest works and obtained his highest honors during these years identified with Long Island.

Thursday, March 18, 1880.

For many months desultory conversations were had at the book-store of Fred Tredwell on Fulton Street concerning the formation of an art club for the City of Brooklyn. It being felt that Brooklyn was sufficiently interested in art to sustain such an institution in modest form.

The first formal meeting in furtherance of this object was held at our home, 22 Hanson Place, Brooklyn, last evening, March 18, 1880. There were present at this meeting Henry T. Cox, W. W. Kenyon, Lewis D. Mason, Fred Tredwell, W. W. Thomas, James Northcote, D. M. Tredwell.

D. M. Tredwell was made chairman and Fred Tredwell secretary. The determination of the meeting was to form an organization having for its object the cultivation of art. Various forms and methods were proposed and discussed, but it took no definite form.

At a subsequent meeting, held at the residence of I. W. Stearns, First Place, the organization of the Rembrandt Club was perfected, with Henry T. Cox, President.

This was the beginning of the Rembrandt Art Club, now the most aristocratic art association in the Greater New York, a historical sketch of which was prepared and published by Lewis D. Mason, M.D., in 1889, for private circulation.

Monday, May 10, 1886.

Mr. Abraham H. Bascom, of Philadelphia, President of the "Muskoke Fish Club" called upon us to accompany him to some of the noted fish preserves on Long Island, he desiring to study the methods of artificial cultivation and preservation of brook trout.

We had made the acquaintance of Mr. Bascom at Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Canada, in 1883, where he had successfully experimented with a newly patented lure upon the finny denizens of Hunter River, a delightful stream babbling over a bed of feldspar and garnet. And whom we subsequently met in the wilderness at the head of Lake Nipissing about 300 miles northwest from Ottawa, Canada, in an ideal place for trout fishing, beyond the reach of telephones, stock quotations and Special Term defaults, where one sleeps on a bed of balsam amid the odor of pine and hemlock, and awakes in the morning with an appetite equal to anything short of pine knots.

But all the pleasures of life, of which trout fishing in the Northwest is one, are fraught with perils and pains. Oftimes in the eager pursuit of the game through streams full of rapids and whirlpools, one drops into a hole where he must either swim in water as cold as a Siberian cocktail, or drown. And then there are perils of insects, reptiles and wild beasts, for every fishing adventure is supplemented with a marvelous bear story, and many other delectable things, a remembrance of which one may cherish as long as he lives. But we are thunderstruck with the announcement of Mr. Bascom, and if he is thoroughly resolved on retiring from the forests and lakes of the Northwest and accepting society fishing in an artificial lake, we can say to him he will find the latter unutterably tame. However, if he is firm in his resolve our advice is to sample Lake Massapequa in South Oyster Bay, which is probably the best trout preserve in the United States. It is owned by William Floyd Jones, Esq., who is one of the finest specimens of American gentlemen. This preserve covers an area of eighty acres and is fed by a spring brook seven miles long, entirely on the Jones' estate.

Tuesday, May 11, 1886.

Accompanied Mr. Bascom to the delightful home and grounds and fish pond of August Belmont about two and a half miles south from Deer Park, Long Island. This pond covers about sixty acres. Its supply of water is from two or three inconsiderable streams, the greatest of which has its source not more than three miles distant, but principally the springs in and about the pond furnish the supply. The depth of water in some places is considerable with a general average of about six feet. The bottom is gravel. It is a well selected and ideal locality for a private trout preserve. There are traditions in the neighborhood of trout having been taken from this pond weighing three pounds. Few are taken from it at the present day of over nine ounces.

After spending a couple of hours at this pond with Mr. Bascom we returned to the city, he to visit other preserves. As the Litchfield Pond, near Babylon, R. B. Roosevelt's just beyond the village of

Bayport. The Dunn Pond at Wantagh, and the great club pond on the premises of W. E. Vanderbilt at Oakdale. There were many others on Mr. Bascom's list, some on the north side of Long Island.

In accepting the elegant surroundings as an average we would say that preserves may be a success as a supply of delicacies for the table of a private gentleman, but as to fulfilling the ideals of a true sportsman, this kind of fishing does not captivate any one of the many sides of a real fisherman whose faith is grounded on the gospel of Isaac Walton. It wants the blendings of nature, the rapids, the waterfall, the merging of torrents and the impenetrable thicket, where the game is wily and coquettish.

In fishing in the virgin waters of the great West, innocent of the devices of man (steam and electricity), you are ever buoyant with the golden dream that your next strike may be a phenomenon of five pounds, breaking all previous records in brook trout. No surprises of this character haunts the Long Island private pond fisherman, where the fish are known and catalogued and the ultimatum of your catch cannot exceed an average of six ounces, gross feed and easy pond life enervates and depraves the game, to which afflictions the members of fish clubs are not wholly immune. The pleasures of fishing in artificial ponds are monotonous and soon become secondary to the associations of the club house: Hence decline. And we, too, for ourselves as sportsmen and epicures must say that if forced to the alternate of taking our supply of these delicacies from a fish preserve, or Fulton Market, we much prefer the latter. And yet such is the inevitable tendency of things that the artificial method of raising these luxuries for us must supersede the natural, and we may venture the prediction that in the next century the descendants of the Belmonts and the Vanderbilts will be constructing trout preserves in the primeval wilds of the great Northwest with territory and possibilities limitless. But the history of brook trout such as flourished once on Long Island and nowhere else will be a legendary one only.

Tuesday, August 2, 1881.

Attended the funeral of Alden J. Spooner at Hempstead, Long Island.

Alden J. Spooner was born at Sag Harbor, Suffolk County, Long Island, February 10, 1810. He was a prominent figure in literary affairs in Brooklyn and Queens County for nearly half a century. He was a scholar and of fine attainments in the classics, an accomplished writer and journalist and a ready speaker, and stood high in his profession of the law, during the period of his active practice. He had been very successful in several fiercely contested law cases soon after his admission and while he was yet quite a young man. He had a chaste and well-developed imagination, and a peculiar humor.

He was Surrogate of Kings County, a member of the Queens County Bar. He founded the Long Island Historical Society; was a member and one of the projectors of the Hamilton Literary Association, Charter Member of the Brooklyn Library. He interested himself in the incorporation of classical schools at Hempstead and many other institutions of learning, and with Pierrepont Potter he visited the public schools on the south side while the former was superintendent. He was known and respected over all Long Island. In the City of Brooklyn his personal friends were Dr. Chas. A. Storrs, A. A. Low, Seth Low, John J. Howard, Professor Raymond, Joshua M. Van Cott, John Greenwood, J. Carson Brevoort and many others. His humor was unique, adventuresome and daring. Many anecdotes might be related of him more noted for originality than prudence, as the one mentioned in the following rescript.

Mr. Spooner during the early part of his professional life resided at Hempstead and was a prominent factor in the affairs of the town. The latter part of his life, his retirement, was also at Hempstead, and it was here he died and was buried August 2, 1881.

Some day in the latter part of August, 1847, we remember the circumstances with distinctness, although now nearly thirty-five years ago. We were walking on Main Street in the village of Hempstead in company with Alden J. Spooner, journalist, lawyer, etc., whom we regarded with great veneration. We met Doctor Webb, of Hempstead, who extended his hand and saluted my companion as Governor Spooner. No importance was thought to attach to the salutation believing the title Governor merely complimentary with no other significance. We continued our walk to the hotel, when the proprietor, Stephen Hewlett, also addressed Mr. Spooner as governor, and still we did not regard it as having any import above the flexible title of squire, captain, colonel, as marks of respect which are always being more or less used in suburban places regardless of any import.

Twenty-five years after in a discussion before the Philosophical Society, the chairman in ruling declared that Governor Spooner had the floor. We were more strongly impressed on this than any former occasion that there must be some reason for calling Mr. Spooner governor.

We consequently made inquiry of General Peck, chairman of the society meeting. He said that he did not know, but that he had learned to call him Governor at the Brooklyn Library.

The matter of the title of governor again dropped out of recollection and rested until after the death of Mr. Spooner, when the problem of the titled lawyer was promised a solution by the fortuitous discovery of a newspaper clipping in an old scrap book of historical matters concerning Long Island. The

clipping had no date, and nowhere could we find any evidence of the newspaper from which it had been taken. It might have been from the *Hempstead Enquirer* or the *Long Island Farmer*, but more probably the scrap was from some New York or Brooklyn paper of comparatively modern date, although it related to an event which took place earlier than 1842.

With this clue we renewed our investigations, and with the following result. Our sources were the newspaper scrap, above mentioned, and old acquaintances of Governor Spooner.

Alden J. Spooner was one of the many old time Long Islanders who never became reconciled to the rude and uncourtly treatment of the proposition to enroll Long Island on the galaxy of Union Statehood. The claim had been advocated by some of the most estimable citizens of Long Island, and the legislature memorialized away back in the "Twenties" and again in the "Thirties." In fact, from the Colonial days, Long Island had sought to shake off its dependence upon New Amsterdam. By blood, by religion and by political sympathies the strongest ties of the people were all with New England. Even to-day the Philosophical Historian of the Commonwealth writes of Long Island, "which nature confirmed and the Law assigned to Connecticut, though by the greed of the House of Stuart, superior to both Nature and Law, transferred to New York."

The assignment of Long Island was regretted, but not resisted, and the island, which is the natural seawall of Connecticut and the New England Coast, passed by royal decree to a province whose only natural claim to it is that it touched one corner of it.

And Governor Dongan, in 1687, reiterates, "Most of the people of the Island, especially the Eastern part, are of the same stamp as those of Connecticut and New England, refractory and very loath to have any commerce with this place, all to the great injury of our merchants."

On the 23d October, 1662, the General Court of Hartford declared that the Long Island towns be annexed to Connecticut, and the following May the order came from the Crown to incorporate Long Island with Connecticut. The Long Island Colonies were greatly pleased with this order of the Crown.*

Mr. Spooner claimed that the bays and harbors of Long Island were ample for the shipping of the world. Its extent of territory not without precedent, and its population already in excess of many states, and its entire disassociation and dependent situation geographically so long as it remained subject to the State of New York, between whom there were no sympathetic bonds, were good and valid reasons for its independence.

This project with some of its advocates was a hobby and to others was urged as a political measure. Some of the most influential citizens of Long Island were among its advocates, chief of whom in enthusiasm was Alden J. Spooner. The newspaper article says that conventions were held at Vunck's Hotel on Prospect Hill, Kings County, at various times. This hotel was more noted for the excellence of its larder and the princely vintage of its wines than as a conservator of Empire.

Among those quoted as being present on these sundry occasions were Gabriel Furman, Silas Wood, Elisha W. King, John Greenwood, John Dikeman, Peter W. Layton, William Pine, Francis C. Tredwell, Nathan B. Morse, Edwin Webb, Fanning C. Tucker, John Tredwell, Daniel Richards, Tredwell Scudder, John A. King, Thomas Tredwell, John W. Cornell, Francis B. Stryker and others, many of whom are

* At a General Court held at Hartford in May, 1664, it was declared that they claim Long Island as one of the adjoining islands expressed in this Charter, except a precedent right doth appear approved by his Majesty.

And again, November, 1674, the inhabitants of Southold being legally convened in town meeting, they resolved as follows:—

"We do unanimously declare an owne that we are at the present time under the government of his Majesty's Colony of Connecticut and desire so to remain."

now senators, ex-mayors and ex-judges, and who joined in the debate at the various sessions. Benjamin F. Thompson, the historian of Long Island, wrote an able paper showing the right of Long Island to the dignity of statehood, which was placed before the convention.

We also have reasons for believing that these associates held similar meetings at Hewlett's Hotel, Hempstead; at Conklin's at Islip, and at Remsen's, Jamaica. No efforts have been made to ascertain if true or not.

But notwithstanding the brave resolves and the righteousness of their cause, these respectable Long Islanders could not create a *de facto* state, but they had the right and they did resolve it a state as the next best thing, for at one of their sessions, after many hours discussion and the immolation of hicatombs of squab and other connestables, did solemnly vote and declare Long Island to be a free and independent state, and in the same spirit proceeded in the election of officers for the newly created commonwealth, which resulted in the election of Alden J. Spooner, Governor.

All this transpired prior to the year 1841, as will presently more fully appear.

Now it so transpired that just after the election of General Harrison as President of the United States in 1841, his friends throughout the country resolved to honor the occasion of his election by a grand national dinner and jubilee to be celebrated at Niblo's Garden, New York, and to which duly accredited delegates were to be admitted from every State in the Union.

Governor Spooner prorogued the Vunck convention, and jointly with his cabinet resolved that the new state of Long Island was entitled to recognition and to a seat at the great national feast or celebration on an equal footing with the other States, and consequently fully accredited credentials were prepared and issued to the four selected delegates from the most stalwart and imposing members of the Long Island Convention to attend the jubilee.

And on the day and hour Governor Spooner, at the head of his delegation, formed in line at the entrance of the Garden to demand admission. The Massachusetts delegates, headed by Governor Winthrop, were just in advance, and as they entered and were announced the throng inside burst into cheers. As they passed in Governor Spooner advanced with the delegation. Behind him Fanning C. Tucker, full 6 feet 4 inches high, leading, and John Tredwell, nearly as tall but more graceful in carriage, following, and others of impressive stature and manners. They gravely marched up to the usher, who, by the way, was a Louisiana man. Governor Spooner solemnly handed out the credentials, and whispered, "Delegates from the State of Long Island." Forgetting all his history and geography amid the confusion inside in consequence of the entrance of the Massachusetts delegation, the usher roared out, "Delegates from the State of Long Island please enter." They did enter and took their seats amid thunders of applause, which broke out again and again as the ludicrous facts dawned upon the convention.

The joke was soon explained to the managers of the banquet, who enjoyed it as greatly as the Governor and his delegates. The scheme was so cleverly planned and so adroitly executed that no effort was made to expel or to ask the retirement of the Long Island delegates who had so ingeniously gained admission, and they remained through the proceedings. And Alden J. Spooner, then only a little over thirty years old, had the honor of replying to the toast, "The Brand New State of Long Island," which he did in a manner said to have been the most consummate and finished piece of oratory of his life.

And thus through this little unprecedented nervy humor Alden J. Spooner won his spurs as Governor, and the recognition of Long Island as a full-fledged State of the National Union *de jure* if not *de facto*.

The election of General Garrison to the Presidency and the jubilee fixes the epoch of the commencement of Governor Spooner's term of office, which was for life.

Tuesday, April 10, 1883.

Our relations with Charles E. West, LL.D., scholar, Professor of Languages, member of many learned societies, etc., have been most intimate, and we have enjoyed his hospitality at his home in Buffalo.

The well-favored account of Garden City and the Great Hempstead Plains given by us on various previous occasions had aroused an interest in the Professor and we had a long standing engagement with him to treat him to an excursion to that peaceful Mecca at any time suiting his convenience.

Yesterday that obligation was cancelled. We took the eight o'clock train of the Long Island Railroad with tickets for Garden City where we arrived one hour later.

The Hempstead Plains stretching east and west as far as the eye can reach is a glorious sight under the glare of the morning sun. In miniature it is wonderfully like the prairies of the great west and it so impresses all strangers. It so affected Doctor West.

The topography and structure of Long Island the doctor declared to be no perplexing enigma. The evidences of the glacial work of a glacial epoch of vast extent was of itself sufficient to establish the facts of such a period beyond controversy. "The Hempstead Plains," said Doctor West, "is the product of the glacial workshop of Hrymer, the Frost God."

The name Garden City is probably more suggestive of the character of the place than any written account could be made to be. It is essentially a city of gardens, parks and palatial homes.

We made a pretty general tour of the place, visited the Cathedral, a magnificent structure of pure Gothic architecture. Here we met Bishop Littlejohn with whom Doctor West was personally acquainted. The meeting was a mutual surprise and pleasure.

We were much impressed from the conversation, which was freely had in our presence, with the extremely illiberal views of Bishop Littlejohn on theology. We had always supposed him an up-to-date man, but if his conversation was an expression of his views it would be safe to say that the great bulk of his intelligent parishioners are far in advance of him in modern thought. His theology was that of half a century ago, and Doctor West (himself professing orthodoxy) expressed to me the same surprise that the Bishop adhered so tenaciously to a theology now nearly obsolete. "The world," said the Doctor, "will never go back to him, or to me. However, I am not a professor of theology. Were I, I would in justice to my clientage feel it my duty to give them the best and latest in the market, and not the



GARDEN CITY CATHEDRAL

"stale product of past ages. I would sooner lead than be trailed 'after.'

We called on Doctor Drowne, Dean of the Diocese of Long Island, who was also corresponding secretary of the Anthropological Society and a member of many learned societies, including the "Order of the Cincinnati."

He accompanied us to the new college buildings which were highly entertaining to Dr. West. We visited the Garden City Water Works, and dined at the Garden City Hotel.

After exhausting the places of interest we extended our excursion to the village of Hempstead, about two miles distant by train. We roamed about the village, visited the old school, the Hempstead Academy, the office of the *Hempstead Enquirer*, one of the oldest newspapers on Long Island.

We defined to Doctor West the territory occupied by the original settlement when the settlers were surrounded by a treacherous and hostile people. We lined out to him the old stockade which was made to enclose the little cluster of houses (the larger part of the village was without the stockade) within the limits of Main Street on the west, the St. George and Presbyterian Churches on the north side of Front Street, Front and Greenwich streets running through the stockade enclosure. The stream also ran through it. The Indian settlement, probably Canarsies, was about the eighth of a mile farther west and took in a section of present Franklin and Front Streets.

Few villages in the State of New York are more widely known than Hempstead. It became historically known during the Revolutionary War, but is more prominent in its religious or ecclesiastical history. Hempstead was originally settled by English Episcopalians, with some Quakers, which probably accounts for the assertion often heard that it is conservative, moves slowly in matters of importance, and was thoroughly English in politics. The village, however, is slowly, but surely, getting away from its old appellation, and within the past few years has shown signs of undergoing a "boom."

The first white settlers in the village were from Stamford, Conn. They had emigrated from Hemal, England, in the early part of the sixteenth century. The natives (Indians) sold the territory of Hempstead to the Rev. Robert Fordham and John Carman, in 1643. As it was under Dutch juris-

dition, a patent was obtained from Governor Keift in 1644 by a committee of early settlers, and after peace was made with the natives they removed to Long Island, settling within the present limits of the village. The first arrival consisted of between thirty and forty families. Among the early settlers were Richard Gildersleeve, Edward Thurston, William Raynor, the Rev. Richard Denton, Matthew Mitchell, Robert Coe, the Rev. Robert Fordham, John Carman, Andrew Ward, Jonas Wood, John Ogden and Robert Jackson. Nearly all have descendants on the Island at the present time, and they are persons of distinction, as were some of their ancestors.

Although the village was not incorporated until July, 1853, its early history and development is interesting. The history of its churches, the Presbyterian and Episcopalian, dates back to the first settlement of Long Island. As the name of the Presbyterian Church is "Christ's First Church," history states that it is probable that to this church is due the honor of being the first Presbyterian congregation established in America. The Rev. Richard Denton, who came to Long Island with the English emigrants was the instigator of the congregation. The first meeting house was erected in 1648, surrounded by a fort or stockade. Mr. Denton went to England to get a pastor for the congregation, but failed. In 1662 the services of the Rev. Robert Fordham were secured. At a town meeting in 1677, it was decided to build a new structure and in 1678 it was built a few yards west of the present Episcopal church on Front street. The church was 30 feet long and 24 feet wide. In 1734 it was taken down and another erected. The first parsonage was erected in 1682. From 1696 for about thirty years, the Rev. John Thomas, who had been ordained an Episcopal clergyman, but who dispensed with some of its usages, preached acceptably to the people. He died in 1724 and is buried in the church yard of St. George's. After his death came the formation of the Episcopal society and a general receding by many of the older Presbyterians.

The Presbyterian Church, while of ancient origin, has not exclusive distinction among the village houses of worship. St. George's Episcopal Church has also had an existence of over two centuries. It was built in 1733 and opened by Governor Cosby, but the inception of the society dates back to 1702, when representations were made by the Rev. George Keith, Colonel Heathcote and others to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, that a Church of England minister was much desired by the inhabitants of Hempstead. On these representations, the Rev. John Thomas, who had preached to Presbyterians and others, and had assisted the Rev. Evan Evans of Christ Church, Philadelphia, was inducted into the parish by a mandate from Lord Cornbury, Governor of the Province. The congregation had few persons of influence, the Dutch predominating. The church building was poorly adapted for religious purposes and was held by the town for civil purposes week days. The Rev. Mr. Thomas did much to assuage the feelings of the inhabitants who had been reared as Quakers and Presbyterians, which sometimes manifested itself in acts of violence. He continued his ministry here until his death in 1724. His remains are interred in the ancient burying ground adjoining the church.

The Rev. Samuel Seabury, a descendant of John Alden, one of the original settlers at Plymouth, became minister in charge in 1742. He later became the first bishop of the Protestant Episcopal ministrations. He died in 1764.

St. George's Parish, by act of the Legislature in 1639, embraced all the territory of Queens County east of Jamaica township. The Rev. Mr. Seabury worked the entire territory, going even into Dutchess County to meet demands for ministrations.

The first Episcopal ordination in the State of New York took place in St. George's in November, 1785. In 1793 the house the town built in 1683 for the minister was taken down and the present rectory, of Colonial design, which stands on Parsonage Hill, overlooking the church, was built. The Rev.

Mr. Moore died in 1799. The Rev. John Hobart succeeded him, and he in turn was succeeded by the Rev. Seth Hart, who served as rector until 1829. During his rectorship the church built in 1734 had become decayed and was torn down and the present church built. The Rev. Richard D. Hall, the Rev. William Carmichael, the Rev. Orlando Harriman, Jr., father of E. H. Harriman, were rectors prior to the installation of the Rev. William H. Moore, D.D., who became rector in 1849. He became greatly beloved, and during his career many churches were built in the original parish bounds, including the Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City. The Rev. Mr. Moore died while rector, during the early 80s. His remains are interred in the church burying ground. A suitable monument marks his grave.

Methodism reached Hempstead about 1800. The Rev. John Wilson, a Jamaica preacher, traveled through the village one Sunday morning, and, mounting a wagon in the space fronting Hewlett's Hotel, west of the Episcopal Church, began to sing. He attracted a crowd. Twelve years elapsed. William Thatcher was appointed to the circuit and arranged to preach in Hempstead every four weeks. The first sermon was in an upper room of the house of Stephen Bedell, Main and Jackson Streets.

In 1827 the Hempstead circuit was formed. In 1834 a lot adjoining the church was bought for a parsonage. In 1835 the church was moved back and enlarged, a basement, furnished with classrooms, was added, and also a lecture-room. In 1872 the church was presented with a beautiful organ by the late Philip J. A. Harper. Its semi-centennial was celebrated in 1876.

Some years ago, Hempstead had a tendency, like other island villages, to develop manufacturing interests. Employment was given to numerous hands. One of these was a clothing manufactory, carried on during the Civil War. A tannery, molding factory, straw hat factory and others have existed from time to time. In the building where straw hats



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, HEMPSTEAD

were made, has been established a velveteen works which expects to employ a large number of hands.

In addition to this factory, the village has some smaller industries. It is the location for one of the principal offices of the Nassau and Suffolk Lighting Company, which has its distributing plant within the limits; also the central office of the New York and Long Island Traction Company. The Prudential Insurance Company has one of its large branches in the village; the Nassau Cottage and Realty Company has its headquarters here, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, a branch, and some others.

As a municipality, Hempstead has been managed on a conservative basis. It has not, however, overlooked the necessity for providing modern improvements, having water, gas and electricity. The water plant is owned by the village, having been purchased some time after its installation from the Hempstead Water Company. It is on a good paying basis. Gas, both for commercial use and street lighting, is supplied by the Nassau and Suffolk Lighting Company. The street lamps are of the boulevard type, and cover the entire village.

—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

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